Prologue
Enter Stage Right

“Congratulations to the Democrats on beating back the fascists yet again. Pity they couldn’t make Rand a one term president but at least they prevented his successor taking advantage of the groundwork he laid. It would also be churlish to ignore the triumph of getting a trans woman into the White House. All the best to President Elect Cartwright...”

The sound was barely audible through Derek Gladstone’s Amazon brand headphones as he trudged through the November snow in Birmingham, the heat from his face mask fogging up his augmented reality glasses.

“So what challenges does Cartwright face when she takes office? I know that might seem a ridiculous question to ask but we all remember how hectic 2020 was and a lot has happened since 2020 so we can all be forgiven for forgetting a few things. Well, there’s the troubles up in Ireland and Scotland caused by the United Kingdom of England and Wales setting up hard borders, the first great riots aboard the Mars colony when those who took the offer of loans in return for work objected to their harsh conditions, thus forcing the legalization of indentured servitude by American corporations, and finally there’s the issue of Britain’s rapidly collapsing NHS and the influx of illegal firearms to the country. Oh and Covid 2035.”

Derek paused his podcast and entered the smokey pub. He approached the bar.

A short fat person was washing a glass. They looked curiously at Derek.

Derek noticed the ‘No Masks’ sign on the bar. He pulled his down and smiled. “I’m here to meet Brunswick.”

“Round back!” They barked as they indicated a direction.

Derek pulled out his phone and approached the counter. “I’ll have a non-alcoholic Guinness.”

The barkeep gave a nod as they poured out a pint.

Derek placed his phone against the reader.

There was a beep.

The barkeep gave Derek a nod and handed him the pint.

Derek took the pint and walked to the back room

*

Reginald Brunswick was unmistakeable. A tall muscular man in fashionable clothes with a well groomed beard and short gelled back hair, he had a slight tan from travel but was clearly white with all the baggage that term entailed.

Next to Brunswick at the table was another tall handsome white man. This one Derek recognised as Chadders Macintosh the famous videogame streamer. His girlfriend was Nadine Kikelomo, a short slender dark skinned novelist with her hair tied back in corn rows. She wore a tasteful but short black dress, tights and flat heeled shoes.

“Hi.” said someone.

The blonde was in his face suddenly. Her eyes were green and her hair long and dirty blonde. She was short with not immodest breasts in a bra and top that served to emphasise them. The red dress suited her figure well and her lipstick matched.

“Derek Gladstone.” said Derek as he reached out a hand to her.

“Stephanie Bridges, pleased to meet you.” said the blonde cheerfully as she shook his hand.

“Answer a question for me, Mr Gladstone.” said Brunswick without getting up or looking around. “WKD Blue or WKD Red?”

“Guinness.” said Derek dryly as he took to the spare seat beside Brunswick.

Brunswick smirked.

“So what did you think of the woman in the red dress?” asked Chadders curiously.

Derek shrugged.

Stephanie carried over a seat and sat between Derek and Nadine. “So no thoughts on my appearance?”

Derek glanced at her breasts and shrugged again. “You’re alright.”

Stephanie smirked.

Nadine did not look amused.

“Alright, you all know why Mr Gladstone is here. Shall I tell him?” asked Brunswick as he looked around curiously.

“Consent matters, Reg. You can’t just throw this man in at the deep end without checking if he knows how to swim first.” said Nadine.

“Oh, he can swim I’m sure of that.” said Brunswick with a smirk. “Still I suppose only a fool would dismiss the man’s right to decline getting his feet wet.”

“No.” said Derek bluntly as he got up. “I don’t know what’s going on here but I know I don’t want to be a part of it.”

“You don’t know what I want you to be a part of.” said Brunswick bluntly.

“I know I don’t want to get in trouble.” said Derek dryly.

Brunswick nodded then he got up and turned to face Derek. “Hear me out. I can’t promise I won’t get you in trouble but hear me out.”

Derek turned to face him.

“You are a reporter, Derek, a citizen journalist. You’ve broken stories about electoral fraud by the far right parties here in the UK and reported upon the rise in gun crime as American exports and a diminished British police force have led to fire arms making their way into the British underground. You are a seeker of truth and justice.” said Brunswick proudly.

“Yeah and I’m an autistic cuck with a micro penis too, what’s you’re point?” asked Derek dismissively.

Brunswick clicked his fingers.

Chadders and Stephanie stood up. Chadders held up the WKD Blue. Stephanie held up the WKD Red.

“If you take the WKD Blue then we’ll have a nice night as friends and you will never see or hear from us again. If you take the WKD Red then I’ll tell you everything and you can help change the world for the better but in doing so you’ll be an accessory to anything we may or may not do.” said Brunswick.

Derek looked at his Guinness.

“Sooner or later you will have to pick a side.” said Brunswick quietlu.

Derek thought for a moment, he turned to go then he noticed a sign.

‘Eat Out To Help Out.’

Derek frowned.

“You don’t have to actually drink the WKD Red if that’s what you’re worried about.” said Stephanie cheerfully.

Derek turned back. “Tell me how you voted.”

Stephanie laughed. “Oh, I’m a lifelong conservative.”

“Lifelong Democrat and progressive.” said Brunswick.

“Green voter.” said Chadders.

“I’m an immigrant and not allowed to vote.” said Nadine dryly.

Derek took the WKD Red from Stephanie and said dryly. “May the fates have mercy on us all.”

*

The New Model Feudalist

Chapter One

A Modest Proposal

Brunswick, Chadders, Stephanie and Derek went back to their seats.

Derek quietly passed the WKD Red back to Stephanie.

“Before we begin. What do you want to know first? What we are doing or why we are doing it?” asked Brunswick.

“Why you are doing it.” said Derek.

Brunswick nodded then he steepled his fingers and thought for a moment.

Derek sipped his Guinness.

“Capitalism is dying.” said Brunswick at last. He looked carefully at Derek. He clearly expected a response.

“So you’re here to usher in the golden age?” asked Derek.

Brunswick smiled then took a sip of his own drink, a cocktail of some sort. He winced at the taste then said carefully. “We’re here to lead humanity through the coming darkness before capital and humanity remembers that it is possible to fight for something better.”

“Well, that’s not ominous.” said Derek dryly.

“Look at the world, look at where we are right now.” said Nadine bluntly.

Derek looked to her.

Brunswick nodded her on.

“Twenty two years since Ferguson, sixteen years since the Black Lives Matter marches across America that shone a light on police brutality and the white supremacist coup that threw the racism of the police into stark relief. It’s been ten years since the troubles in Ireland began again, six since violent border tension started in Scotland and three since the first great Mars Rights Movement was put down with brutal and fatal efficiency.” explained Nadine with a quiet fury in her face and voice.

“We have made fantastic progress for trans people and the rights of the disabled but we are making oppressed minorities equal at a time when all but the super rich are being ground into the dirt.” added Brunswick.

“Moving deckchairs on the Titanic?” mused Derek.

“Exactly.” said Brunswick gleefully. “So, to use your analogy our movement intends to transform the Titanic into a submarine as it sinks.”

Derek frowned. “What?”

“Neo-Feudalism.” said Stephanie as she watched him.

Derek looked to her.

“That’s what Capitalism is becoming.” explained Stephanie. “The super rich are becoming the royalty in a new Feudal system.”

“So you intend to be the new Kings and Queens?” asked Derek.

“We’re not just going to rule the world. We’re going to shape how others rule it. We’re going to shape how this new Feudalism functions.” said Brunswick.

Derek looked carefully at Stephanie. There was something about her, the way she held herself, the way she looked at him and had her elbows on the table with her fingers crossed.

“Don’t you want to ask us how?” asked Stephanie with a smirk.

Derek coughed then hurriedly took a sip of his drink. He looked to Brunswick and asked. “How do you intend to do that?”

“We’re going to reduce the cis white male population of America and Europe, bribe the powerful with gifts their wealth has not yet bought them and in so doing we are going to start a time bomb ticking for more trans rights and better equity for women.” said Brunswick.

“That’s not an answer.” said Derek.

“You’re right, it’s a question and the answer is Stephanie.” said Brunswick with a smile.

Derek looked to Stephanie.

Stephanie shrugged. “You don’t think I look this good by accident do you?”

“You’re trans.” asked Derek.

“I have a feeling most trans and non-binary people would feel very offended by that comparison.” said Stephanie carefully. “You see I was a cisgendered heterosexual white man but I tested something on myself and now I am a woman. Biologically I am indistinguishable from a cis woman and I don’t feel any dysphoria. There’s no point me trying to explain the science to you but suffice to say that we have a procedure that can make cis men into cis women. Where it gets useful for our purposes is that the transformation process leaves those undergoing the procedure with a momentary lapse in cognitive function. During this lapse the subjects can have their minds altered.”

“Altered?” asked Derek as he looked to Brunswick.

Chadders spoke up. “The intention of our project is that a willing subject can have their minds sculpted. A masculine and dominant mind can be reshaped into a feminine and submissive mind.”

“This is bullshit.” said Derek bluntly as he got up.

Chadders stood up. “Derek, I requested you. Please stay.”

Derek looked to Chadders curiously. “You what?”

“I am going to be the new poster girl of the movement. The man who became a submissive feminine girl. I want you to take ownership of me when I’m done. I want to be your good girl.” said Chadders earnestly.

Derek stared at him. “You have a girlfriend.”

Nadine shrugged. “Turns out I’m a lesbian.”

Derek fell back in his seat.

Chadders sat down and said gently. “You don’t have to.”

“He has a right to know.” said Nadine gently as she laid a comforting hand on Chadders back. She looked back to Derek. “I realised a few months ago, before Reg got in contact. We were considering options. If Chadders becomes your good girl then hopefully I’ll be attracted to her like I thought I was when I first started seeing Chadders.”

Derek drank his Guinness as he thought.

“We’re going to turn disaffected poor young men into well trained submissive women and sell them as pets to the highest bidders. Chadders here will be our mascot.” said Brunswick casually.

Derek drained his drink then burped. He looked seriously at Brunswick. “I need to know everything. If I am going to do this then I need to know everything.”

“If it troubles you so much why don’t you leave?” asked Stephanie curiously.

“I can see the logic.” said Derek bitterly as he studied Stephanie. “If you change men into women, specifically into legislatively oppressed women you tip the balance demographically towards ever greater equality for women in the long term. By turning men into women and making that common you also make the language of the non-binary and transgender issues more common place since trans and non-binary folk won’t just be hidden away in their private safe spaces. Women like Stephanie and Chadders will be in the homes of the wealthy as a quiet reminder that gender isn’t simple.”

“And you get to have my girlfriend as your good girl.” said Nadine with a smirk.

Derek blushed.

Chadders smirked. “I hope I live up to expectations.”

“Okay, here’s the science part.” said Stephanie with a smirk.

*

Chapter 2
Demons

Derek woke up naked in bed with Stephanie.

As he got up he reflected on the night.

Stephanie was quite open about her curiosity regarding Derek as the night drew on and Derek was never going to turn down a stunner like her.

He went to the bathroom and caught sight of himself in the mirror.

Gynaecomastia. Such a bland medical sounding term. Breasts was more accurate. Rather

immodestly sized breasts. There was a reason he rarely went without a shirt.

He was half asleep still and thinking sluggishly so he didn't recoil and dart to the bedroom for a shirt like usual. Instead he kept looking in the mirror.

It had been years since he'd begun getting testosterone injections so his face had developed a more masculine appearance and the beard certainly helped but he could still see a woman looking back at him.

He scratched his chin and wondered how Stephanie felt. She was in a way a cis man like him whose biology had decided to shift directions later in life. At least Stephanie seemed to have chosen to instigate the shift though.

Derek made for the shower and got dressed.

*

"In happier news, Tahani Gupta is now the new Doctor Who. The daughter of Iranian Immigrants Tahani is expected to be the first trans woman to play the iconic role on television..."

Derek was only half listening to the podcast. He found walking at night helped him think and tonight was no different.

A plot to turn men into submissive women and sell them as sex pets as part of an attempt to usher in and shape a new feudal world? It was ridiculous. The question was whether it was any more ridiculous than the world as it was? The left was so caught up on ideological purity that any attempt to gain power through the left was doomed to failure as only the right were willing to compromise and the right hated everything the left tried on principle.

Brunswick's plot had the glimmer of genius in that it leveraged the far right's fanatical hatred and greed to steer humanity towards actions that would save the planet, bring about equality and ultimately stamp out fascism in the end. They would use the commerce of an idea the left would rage at to gain control of and create a global political consensus and authority. If the Republicans would vote for Trump and the Conservatives would vote for Brexit, sell them an idea so enticing they would vote for a one world government. A government capable of stamping out the cruelty in China, North Korea, America and England. A government that kept the super rich from rising up by granting them well trained and very eager submissive sex pets.

Derek shook his head. He hated the idea, it was too open to corruption and misuse, even as his lust craved the potential of Chadders and the project of Brunswick.

A scream erupted.

Derek sprinted into the darkness towards the sound.

A gang of seven white men had a hold of a couple. The taller of the couple - a masculine sort - had their arms pinned behind them and the barrel of a pistol at their temple. The shorter of the couple was very feminine with long blonde hair. They were being held in place as their skirt was lifted up.

Derek charged into the men holding the shorter of the couple.

An explosion rang out as Derek was thrown to the ground. He screamed in agony and tried to sit up

Suddenly Derek could see the lights of a police car.

A British bobby got out. He was young, white and male with short dark hair. He tried to pull his pistol but bullets riddled his body before he hit the ground.

Derek's ears were ringing and he was in agony so he couldn't hear anything. Fortunately he didn't seem to be the priority.

A few of the gang had broke off to shoot at the cop car and get at whoever was still inside.

Suddenly there were flames as the gang was ran.

The shorter of the couple was by Derek's side and talked to him while their partner was talked on a phone.

Derek saw to his surprise that his screen accurate replica of a popular scifi monster was trundling down the road before him with a couple of bullet holes in it. The head of the monster was lifted off it and Stephanie rose from it.

*

It wasn't long before an ambulance and police arrived.

Derek had been struck in the side with a bullet. A glancing blow that had hit no organs. He was lucky.

The couple Derek had tried to save were a Lisa Watkins and a Willy Wright. With the endorphines going after the experience Willy revealed that she was trans, she just wasn't out yet. Lisa was seemingly an architect.

Derek had told them and the police everything about what he'd discussed earlier that night.

It turned out that there was someone still in the police car. A trans woman in her mid fifties and her great grand parents had immigrated from Senegal. Her partner was Chris Wayne - That was the poor guy who was shot dead.

As for the sudden and miraculous appearance of the prop? Stephanie asserted that she woke up, saw Derek was gone, took one look at the prop and impulsively decided to take it for a spin.

*

Chapter 3
The Means Of Production

Derek woke in a hospital bed. Stephanie was asleep on the chairs beside him.

He blinked, stretched then looked around.

The blonde from the night before, Lisa, was sat up and reading on her kindle.

"What are you doing here?" asked Derek.

Lisa put down the phone and smiled. “You nearly died trying to rescue me and Willy. I had to make sure you were alright.”

Willy herself arrived with two coffees and two muffins. She sat down and handed a coffee and muffin to Lisa.

Lisa kissed Willy sweetly on the lips as she accepted the coffee.

Willy looked curiously at Derek. “Is it true what you said last night? About this place that can make cis men into women?”

Derek almost laughed. “Hell, if I know.”

“Don’t interrogate him.” chided Lisa gently.

“I’m not accusing you of anything, I’m curious.” said Willy defensively.

“Why?” asked Derek.

Willy smiled. “Why? Why would I be interested in technology that can alter the physical presentation of a person from large with a penis to short with a clitoris and tits?”

Derek swallowed.

“Sorry, if I’m being too crude but that’s why I’m interested. You said the procedure can make a cis man have the anatomy and presentation of a cis woman.” said Willy seriously.

“He’s just been shot...” said Lisa gently.

“It’s not the same thing. At least not as I understand it. I don’t pretend to know the science and I don’t even know if it’s real but they claim it literally alters the fundamental mental processes of a person’s head.” said Derek

Willy was silent for a moment.

Reginald Brunswick approached the hospital bed and tutted. “I can’t leave you alone for five minutes can I?”

Lisa and Willy stared at Brunswick.

“They know.” said Derek with a shrug.

“I know.” said Brunswick as he shoved his hands into the pockets of his jeans. “Stephanie messaged me what happened. I authorised her to let you keep talking. What you did was very brave, Derek. Our mutual friend was right to pick you. You clearly have what it takes to protect the vulnerable.” He flashed a smile at Lisa and Willy. “No offence.”

“None taken.” said Lisa honestly.

“Actually I was wondering if I could ask you something?” asked Willy.

Brunswick smiled at Willy. “I was wondering something similar. You see I’m going to take Derek here on a tour of a facility where we will produce girls like Stephanie. You’re quite welcome to come along yourselves. Consider it a thank you gift for staying by my friend’s side.”

“That would be fantastic.” said Willy.

“Reg, is it possible for the procedure to just change the physical biology and not the mind?” asked Derek carefully.

“To an extent, though obviously I don’t need to tell you how just having different hormones can affect the mind.” said Brunswick.

“You’re trans?” asked Willy curiously.

“No. I have something called Kallman’s Syndrome. My pituitary gland is malfunctioning and I have no olfactory bulb. So I’m a cis man who produces less testosterone than the average woman and that has knock on consequences.” said Derek.

Willy asked. “Can’t you use your technology to help your friend? Give him a proper pituitary gland and the physical characteristics of a healthy cis man?”

“There’s no profit in it.” said Brunswick with a shrug then he looked sadly at Derek. “So as there’s there’s no profit in it there’s no research into it and I can’t do it.” He sighed then leaned over Derek and took his hand. “I could make you into the prettiest cis woman with all that that implies but I do not have the ability to give you the cock of the average cis man. At least not without sacrificing nerve endings and the pleasure that comes from them.”

Derek laughed. “I suppose I could always become a cis woman while I wait for you to develop the technology?”

“Any time.” said Brunswick with a smile.

Willy looked to Lisa.

Lisa gave her an encouraging nod.

“Mr Brunswick, Sir, I’m a trans woman. Could I use your technology to get the body of a cis woman? So I could have kids and a proper, well, everything?” asked Willy.

Brunswick looked to Willy and stood up straight. “Yes but I urge you not to rush this. Take the tour, talk to the scientists, talk to your girlfriend and think about this. This isn’t like what you’re familiar with. You may prefer to keep certain aspects of your present biology and there are certain things that can be taken away but not so easily restored.”

“Said the cis man.” said Willy bluntly.

Brunswick smirked. “Good point. I just want you to be careful.”

“Not to be mean but why do you care whether my girlfriend is certain about becoming a cis woman when you plan to literally turn cis men into cis women so you can sell them?” asked Lisa pointedly.

Brunswick shrugged. “Why do so many people defend the notion of eating meat yet shun cultures

that eat dogs and cats?"

"So you're a hypocrite?" asked Lisa.

"Damn straight. Cis white men are pigs. Intelligent and compassionate animals but to me they are just so much bacon waiting to happen." said Brunswick casually.

Willy looked thoughtful.

"Alright..." said Derek at last. "When the nurse discharges me, I'll go."

*

Derek, Stephanie, Lisa, Willy and Brunswick stepped out of a limosine before a large glass fronted building.

"Welcome -" said Brunswick proudly as he turned and stretched out his hands. "- To the factory of the future. This is where the magic happens folks."

"Presumably literal magic since you can't change a person's gender." said Willy dryly.

"Speak for yourself." said Stephanie.

Stephanie had changed into an emerald green bikini in the limo with high heeled emerald green shoes.

Derek was back in his clothes from the night before.

"We don't have to go in." said Lisa.

"What's the phrase? Better the devil you know?" asked Willy as she looked to Brunswick. "Well I would like to get to know you."

Brunswick strode up to the building's entrance and smiled at a security camera. "I have friends for a tour."

The two glass doors swung inwards.

Derek, Stephanie, Lisa and Willy followed Brunswick inside.

There was a kiosk right opposite the door and a series of chest high planters or shrubs that looked decorative between the doors to the lifts, the stairs and corridors deeper in. Derek noted the two armed security guards either side of the doors and the two by the kiosk. There were also concealed doors to the far left and right of the entrance lobby.

"Expecting a fire fight?" asked Willy dryly.

Lisa nodded. "The place does look like a video game shooting gallery."

"In 2020 armed protestors stormed the Capitol and killed cops while there. It's been sixteen years since then and society has broken down with guns much more prevalent among the populace. The Brits may not have Q Anon and Trump to rile them up but that was the Capitol and it was attacked

by people whose entire political position is a love of government and police. I'm not going to take chances." said Brunswick.

"So you fear the intolerant left then?" asked Derek curiously.

Brunswick ignored the question.

"I mean if you call terrorists performing a coup, 'protestors'?" asked Derek pointedly.

Brunswick glared at Derek.

"Answer his question." said Stephanie quietly.

"No." said Brunswick quietly.

"Then I'll walk." said Stephanie as she looked carefully at Brunswick.

"Then go." said Brunswick casually.

Stephanie turned to go.

Derek caught her arm but looked pointedly at Brunswick. "He's answered my question."

Stephanie turned and slipped her arm under Derek's.

Derek smiled at her and took her hand then looked to Brunswick. "The tour?"

"Yes, the tour. I'll lead you to the central creation chamber." said Brunswick as he turned and led the way.

Stephanie looked curiously at Derek. "That was bold of you, Derek."

"Is that a surprise? I nearly died last night because I decided to run towards screaming." said Derek dismissively.

Stephanie smiled. "Perhaps I'll let you own me when this is done."

Derek laughed and pulled Stephanie with him as they walked after Brunswick.

Lisa and Willy followed.

*

Derek, Stephanie, Lisa and Willy came to a halt at a large curved glass wall over looking a chamber with a large number of pods filled with syringes on automated arms over beds.

"What is that?" asked Lisa curiously.

Derek and Willy stared in awe.

Stephanie was watching Derek.

“It’s where little girls are made.” said Brunswick as he turned back to face his guests.

“Man goes in pod. Needles go in man. Chemicals injected into man. Man becomes woman. Woman exits pod and is sold to the highest bidder.” mused Derek. He looked angry but fascinated.

“More or less.” said Brunswick happily.

“How many can you do?” asked Willy, her expression unreadable.

“Currently just six at a time and the process isn’t fast with the time varying depending on each unit.” said Brunswick.

“Interesting euphemism.” said Lisa dryly. “Unit. Not a person. Not a victim. Not a slave. Just a unit.”

“I am not a victim.” said Stephanie irritably. “Neither am I a slave.”

“With respect you’re not a unit either unless I misunderstood something.” said Lisa pointedly.

Stephanie frowned but looked away.

Derek turned to embrace Stephanie. He kissed her on the forehead then hugged her. He looked curiously at Brunswick. “Can we see a demonstration?”

Brunswick smiled. “I’ll see what I can do. Just wait here.”

Derek gave a nod.

Brunswick turned and walked off.

Willy wasn’t saying anything. Her eyes were fixed on the pods below.

Lisa turned and looked around. “I must say I don’t think much of the decor. It’s very seventies future industrial.”

“You mean it looks like a nuclear power station.” said Derek with a smirk.

“Exactly.” said Lisa with a smile as she looked to Derek. “Was I imagining things or was that a Dalek that saved us last night?”

Derek laughed.

Stephanie pulled back from Derek and turned to face Lisa. “I saved you.”

“By driving my Dalek.” said Derek with a smirk.

“So it was a dalek.” said Lisa with a smile.

Derek nodded. “I had the flame thrower fitted for a special show years ago.”

“Nice.” said Lisa, impressed. “I always liked the design of the cybermen myself. There’s something to admire about a show that so brazenly uses plastic milk bottles for the head dress of one of its

most iconic enemies."

Derek grinned. "I don't suppose you and your girlfriend are interested in polyamory at all?"

Lisa chuckled then bit her lip as she looked curiously at Derek.

"What were those guys last night anyway?" asked Stephanie curiously. "Why would so many guys hang out together?"

"They were fascists." said Willy quietly then she looked to Stephanie. "There wasn't much I could do but look at them so I noticed the tattoos they carried. Four letters. MBGA. Make Britain Great Again. I looked it up on my phone last night."

"I'm a journalist." said Derek quietly. "I should have noticed."

Willy's tone and expression softened as she looked at Derek. "You nearly got yourself killed trying to help us, you did nothing wrong."

"Lisa..." Derek looked carefully at the young woman with concern.

"You stopped it." said Lisa seriously as she glanced to Stephanie. "You both stopped it. That's what matters."

Derek gave a nod then looked past. "Where's Reg?"

Willy frowned and looked to Lisa.

Derek walked ahead.

Stephanie looked to Lisa. "If there's anything I can do?"

Lisa smiled at Stephanie and shrugged. "You know in some ways I envy you and Willy. You never grew up with the expectation that someday you would be raped. I have gotten lucky so far. A few close calls. A few creeps who needed to be blocked but nothing - Well nothing more than yesterday."

Stephanie looked to Willy but her words were for Lisa. "I'm sorry. If I had the power to stop this..."

Derek walked back. "He's coming."

Lisa pulled Derek into a hug and asked. "Are you alright?"

"Nothing happened to me." said Derek.

Lisa hugged him tight.

"You're going to need a bigger bed at this rate." said Brunswick as he approached.

Willy laughed.

Stephanie smiled.

“I wouldn’t be against the idea.” admitted Lisa with a smirk as she pulled back and looked up at Derek.

“If Willy’s okay with it?” asked Derek with a smile as he looked to Willy.

Willy smirked. “Sorry, I just thought of the most pathetic joke.”

Lisa smirked as she locked eyes with Derek.

Derek smirked as he looked at her.

“This way.” said Brunswick with a smirk.

Derek turned to follow.

“He does follow that man like a puppy dog doesn’t he?” said Willy dryly.

Stephanie laughed and followed after them.

Willy walked up to Lisa, took hold of her hand and together they followed after them.

*

Brunswick led them through winding corridors to the central chamber they had observed from the window. A tall pale woman in her early fifties with long curly flame red hair and emerald green eyes dressed in in a white lab coat greeted them.

“Hello...” she said with a sweet Ohio accent. “I’m Doctor Brian Mackenzie and I am in charge of this creation facility.”

“Brian?” asked Lisa.

Brian smirked. “Well, I wouldn’t be a very good Doctor if I wasn’t willing to truly understand the procedure I’ll be making others go through. Of course, I had to retain some independence or I wouldn’t be able to do my job but I did change my eye colour, hair colour and accent and had my knowledge of literature and film expunged from my head as well as installing some minor and containable fetishes to do with submissiveness. I know what I’m talking about and how it feels.”

“Why didn’t you change your name?” asked Willy.

“Well I’m not trans. I was born a cis man and Brian is my name. I may be a cis woman now but I am still the same person. Nothing dead about my name.” said Brian casually. “Now I believe you wanted a demonstration?”

Derek suddenly felt faint as he realised he was the only man in their group who could be considered for a demonstration.

Brian laughed.

Stephanie hugged Derek and looked pointedly at Brunswick.

Brunswick observed Derek’s anxiety curiously.

“Would you like to be turned?” asked Brian curiously as she approached Derek. “Perhaps we could make you into a little blonde cheerleader?” She looked to Stephanie. “Would you like having a little cheerleader as a girlfriend?”

“Can I keep my natural hair colour?” asked Derek uncertainly.

Brian smirked but gave a nod. “Any other requests?”

Stephanie looked curiously at Derek. “You could specialise in sucking cock, being ridden from behind, or perhaps you’d like to be a doll posed by your owner?”

Derek felt light headed. “Submissive but not a cheerleader. A pet. I want to fulfill my owner utterly but still be me. Still be a nerd.”

Brian kissed Derek gently on the forehead and took hold of his hands. She looked deep into his eyes. “Would you like that? To be Master’s prized pet?”

Derek panted, why was he so aroused? “Yes. Yes, I would.”

“Another day perhaps.” said Brian sweetly as she let go and backed off a couple of paces. “I actually have a man prepared for this demonstration. His name is Kevin Oxbridge and he’s a college drop out. We found him through the job seeker’s unemployment program. We were going to offer him a job as a porter but he heard about the program and volunteered. I’ll explain more once you’ve met him.”

“Are you alright?” asked Stephanie gently.

“I - I need a drink and some fresh air.” said Derek.

“Well, I’ll have Kevin meet us in the canteen then.” said Brian happily.

“No, I’ll be alright.” said Derek dismissively.

“If you’re sure?” asked Brunswick gently.

Derek looked to him and smiled. “I’m sure.”

“Alright, if you’ll follow me.” said Brian.

*

The gang followed Brian to a discreet corner of the room given privacy by curtains.

A gawky fat white man in his early twenties sat on a gurney in a hospital style gown.

Brian was all smiles as she approached the man on the bed. “Kevin, you remember me, don’t you? How were the tests?”

Kevin took a deep breath. He gave a nod. “Um yeah, they were - they were alright. Is everything okay?”

“Yes, everything is wonderful. In fact they are so wonderful that I’ve decided you are a perfect subject to demonstrate what we do here. You don’t mind talking to these lovely people, do you?” asked Brian cheerfully.

Kevin smiled. He looked visibly relieved though still nervous.

Brian smiled then asked. “Kevin, as part of the demonstration, I’d like to remove your gown and take hold of different parts of your body, including your genitals. I may in fact massage you, position you, penetrate you and allow my guests to do the same. Is that alright?”

Kevin nodded vigorously. “Very-Very much so.”

“Good boy. Then stand up. I’ll remove your gown when I’m ready.” said Brian sweetly then she turned back to face the gang. “Would anybody like to turn their backs or leave the curtained area? I understand that looking at cocks is not for everyone?”

Kevin hopped off the bed.

“I’m okay.” said Willy.

Lisa smiled. “I like looking at cocks.”

Derek shrugged.

Stephanie noticed at Derek was sweating.

“Proceed.” said Brunswick.

Brian nodded then turned back to Kevin. “Remember you can stop this at any time without consequence to you.”

Kevin smiled. “Just understand that if you play with my dick there’s only so much I can do to stop it making a mess.”

Brian smirked. “Would you mind if I caused you to make a mess?”

Kevin blushed and shook his head.

Brian chuckled and removed Kevin’s gown then she went behind him and took hold of his jaw. She spoke to the guests now. “Observe Kevin’s jawline. Our boy isn’t in the greatest of shapes but that’s still quite the chin.” She moved her hands lower. “Observe the chest. It’s hairy and despite Kevin’s fat the breasts are flaccid and unsightly, the nipples hardly worth mentioning.”

Kevin’s cock twitched in anticipation.

Brian took hold of Kevin’s right arm and pulled it into a flexing posture. “Observe the arms. Kevin is clearly unfit with a noticeable amount of fat hanging underneath but this -” She grabbed hold of his flexed muscle with the finger and thumb of her left hand. “Is still large and relatively firm.” She lowered Kevin’s arm back to his side and whispered to him. “Brace yourself. I’m going to say some things that may sound mean and touch your cock. Try to remain calm and take slow deep breaths.”

“Yes, Doctor.” muttered Kevin.

Brian took hold of Kevin's cock. "Observe the phallus, it's thick with fat and the foreskin is still attached. In a moment Kevin will be hard enough for me to properly show off his size but for now examine the ballsack."

Brian massaged Kevin's cock and balls carefully.

Derek, Lisa and Willy each took a step forward with interest.

"There now, Kevin's hard." said Brian happily as she turned Kevin so he was in profile to the gang. "Observe the length. He's slightly under the average length wise but that's still a good five and a quarter inches."

"Looks tasty." mused Lisa.

Kevin's cock twitched.

Brian smirked then looked to Lisa. "I would cut it off and let you enjoy it since Kevin won't be needing it anymore but it's important to the process that Kevin still has his cock before we begin."

"Shame." said Lisa with a smirk. "It'd make a good dildo."

"Well if you're in need of a cock I think Derek has one spare." said Willy dryly.

Lisa laughed.

Brian span Kevin around and rubbed his buttocks. "Now, I will be honest with you that I quite like Kevin's bottom as it is. It's a little flat and a little covered in scabs and scars but I personally find it appealing. If I still had my cock I'd gladly enjoy it but Kevin's bottom is not what our client wants. Plus Kevin has a secret. May I have a volunteer?"

Lisa raised a hand.

Brian reached into the pockets of her coat and bought out some hand sanitiser and lube. "Kevin, would you kindly bend over the bed and brace yourself. You're about to be entered."

"Yes, Doctor." said Kevin happily. He sounded much more confident and relaxed.

Lisa cleaned her hands then applied the lube to the index and middle finger of her right hand.

"Have a feel of Kevin's anus and tell us what you find." said Brian.

Lisa inserted her two lubed fingers curiously.

Kevin gasped.

Lisa nodded as she felt around. "He has piles. Large veins that sometimes extend out of the anus."

Brian smiled. "Exactly. Kevin has haemorrhoids. Not unusual for someone of his body type and quite safe. As you can probably guess however our client wants a nice tight anus suitable for fucking so we need to work on this as well."

Lisa removed her fingers and washed her hands with the hand sanitiser.

Derek raised a hand.

Brian smiled at him. “Go ahead.”

“I’d like to ask Kevin some questions if I may?” asked Derek.

“I see no issue with this.” said Brian happily as she looked to Kevin. “Kevin, stand up and answer the man’s questions.”

Kevin complied and looked to Derek. “Ask away.”

“Lets start with the basics. Where do you live? What’s your favourite colour? Do you have any pets? Do you have a favourite incarnation of the Doctor and do you have a favourite series of Star Trek?” asked Derek.

Kevin smiled. “I was born and raised in Wolverhampton. Went to Birmingham for college. I’ve been living with mum at home in Wolverhampton. My favourite colour is grey. I don’t have any pets but my mum has a Doberman called Sasha that I’m fond of. I liked the Tenth Doctor and Donna’s amazing. As for Star Trek I like Voyager because Seven Of Nine is hot.”

“What about your Dad?” asked Derek as he glanced at Brian. “Where’s he?”

“He voted for Brexit and fell down a Q Anon rabbit hole. I haven’t seen him since I was ten.” said Kevin.

“Kevin, why don’t you tell the man about your taste in music?” asked Brian.

“Oh I love screamo.” said Kevin gleefully. “I love Vein. Errorzone is classic.”

Brian smirked then kissed Kevin on the cheek.

“Does your mum know you’re doing this?” asked Willy.

Kevin frowned and looked away.

“I think it’s time Kevin goes to his pod to prepare for his changing. Why don’t we go to the control room and continue the tour?” asked Brian.

“No.” said Willy firmly. “I want an answer to the question.”

Brian placed herself between Willy and Kevin. “Yes, ask him about his mother while he is naked and submissive. That’s not at all creepy or invasive.”

“This is his last chance to turn back, I want to know he’s considered the consequences of his actions.” said Willy earnestly.

“Willy!?” cried Lisa incredulously.

“Yeah, back off, mate.” said Derek.

“A man’s identity is at stake. I just want him to be certain.” said Willy indignantly.

“I think it’s time we leave.” said Brunswick gently.

“Let me answer.” said Kevin.

Brian turned to Kevin and gave a nod.

Kevin looked Willy straight in the eyes. “I don’t know who you are or why you think you are fit to judge me but I will answer you because I know I need to be able to answer the question you just asked.”

Willy swallowed and softened. “I’m trans, sorry. I’m just concerned for you.”

“You shouldn’t be. You know what it is like to prioritise yourself over the opinions and feelings of your family.” said Kevin indignantly. “If you want the truth, here it is. I did try to tell my mum about what I was doing and she raged at me. She threw me out of her house in despair. I know what I am doing and I will not be dissuaded.”

“You’re not trans. You have a choice.” said Willy incredulously.

“Exactly. I choose this. I have an opportunity to be reborn as a submissive woman who is loved and taken care of. I don’t care that I wasn’t born a woman, I don’t care that I don’t consider myself a woman right now and I certainly don’t care what my mother thinks. This is my choice.” said Kevin earnestly.

Willy backed off. “I’m sorry.”

“Kevin, you do know that the job offer is still open. You’re allowed to stay in our facilities until you can find somewhere to live.” said Brunswick seriously.

Brian nodded. “You would be loved if you decided to stay. I’d gladly claim you as my submissive.”

“No. I want this and you two have a business to run.” said Kevin earnestly.

Brian smiled and looked to Willy pointedly.

Willy gave a nod.

“Reg, would you take the guests to the control room while I get Kevin set up in his pod.” said Brian.

Brunswick nodded and gestured to the curtain doorway.

Willy walked out.

Lisa smiled at Kevin then followed Willy.

Derek and Stephanie nodded to Kevin and Brian then left.

Brunswick followed after them.

*

Derek and Stephanie were snuggled up together on one side of a large sofa with Lisa and Willy snuggled up together on the other side.

Brunswick sat on one of the office chairs before an array of eleven large monitors arranged in a pyramid in the center of the room.

Brian entered the control room with a sheepish look on her face. She carried a clipboard with her and handed it to Brunswick.

“What’s this?” asked Brunswick curiously as he glanced at the sheaf of paper on the clipboard.

“It’s my statement.” said Brian awkwardly. “You’ll need it for my disciplinary.”

Brunswick raised an eyebrow.

“When you were gone, I kissed Kevin passionately and sucked his cock until he came in my mouth.” said Brian sheepishly.

“He consented to all of this?” asked Brunswick.

Brian nodded.

“Did you spit or swallow?”

Brian smirked. “I swallowed, Sir. I’m a good girl.”

Brunswick smiled. “I take it young Kevin is in his pod and you’re both okay to continue with the change?”

“Of course.” said Brian incredulously.

“Then aside from being some enjoyable reading material, I don’t think I need this.” said Brunswick happily as he discarded the clipboard.

Brian smiled and sat down in her favourite office chair as she bought up the data from Kevin’s pod. “Now lets get the party started.”

“Party?” asked Derek.

Brian laughed as her fingers danced over the controls.

“So what exactly is going to happen to change him?” asked Derek.

“The short version is that Kevin is going to be injected with specially created viruses that are targeted towards very specific goals. The sealed pods are a worst case scenario safety feature in case any one of the viruses mutates and lasts longer than it’s supposed to.” explained Brian. “I have viruses here that will change Kevin’s eye colour to blue, give Kevin long blonde hair, eat up his fat, shorten his arms and legs, create breasts to the client’s specifications, change the shape and texture of the buttocks and of course turn Kevin’s lovely cock and bollocks in a vagina, ovaries, clitoris and everything else cis women need down there.”

“So he has a needle in his dick?” asked Lisa curiously.

Brian chuckled. “Well it won’t be there much longer.”

“It must be painful.” said Willy.

“Hideously so.” said Stephanie quietly.

“You got the early procedure. I remember my change quite happily. It was quite delightful feeling my cock shrivel up and invert.” said Brian cheerfully.

Derek shifted uncomfortably and crossed his legs.

Stephanie hugged him and kissed him on the cheek.

“There... That’s the program started for the physical change.” said Brian then she turned on her chair to face Willy. “To be clear, it is never fun being stabbed with a needle, unless that’s particularly something you like and Kevin doesn’t. It is now standard practise to introduce a virus into the patient that will numb all nerve endings until the procedure is over and the memory is fogged so that while everyone who is changed can recall the moment of being changed if asked, it won’t stand out as a traumatic memory.”

Willy looked thoughtful.

“So how do you do the other stuff? The mind and personality stuff?” asked Derek.

“The principle is similar. Except we are targeting braincells and altering the signals they emit. This is much more delicate but we know what we’re doing.” said Brian.

“So what are you going to do to Kevin?” asked Lisa.

Brian bought up a sheet on one of the screens. “This is the client’s wishlist. Kevin has consented to it. Fairly standard stuff. The client wants a submissive woman who will like to suck cock and be choked, fucked anally and vaginally, bound, exposed, spanked and told how to dress and how to behave. The client wants to call his new girl Felicity and so we are programming Kevin to respond to that name as well as the standard pet names. The client wants his new girl to be good with cats and to be very girly so we’ll make Kevin’s new favourite colour pink and for him to have a love of dressing in ways that emphasise his fragility and vulnerableness as well as a love of activities we believe the client would consider girly.”

“So why did you want me to know that Kevin liked screamo?” asked Derek curiously.

Brian smirked as she spun to face Derek. “I’m going to make our little girl a fan of bubblegum pop. She’s going to remember that she used to love screamo but she’s going to love pop and will sing to herself. I’m also going to give her crushes on the classic teen heartthrobs.”

Lisa frowned. “What does ‘masocism’, ‘bratty attitude’ and ‘tendency to act out but enjoy the consequences’ mean?”

Brian looked curiously at Lisa. “Don’t you know?”

“Well I don’t.” said Derek bluntly.

Lisa winked at Brian.

Brian smiled. “Well, like I said, the client wants someone who likes to be exposed. More specifically that means he wants a lady who will be playfully rude and indignant, preferably in ways that will reflect how the Client himself thinks about societal expectations. Complaining that food is bad in a restaurant or that a play is boring for example. The client will then undress or outright tear the clothes off his unruly lady and give her a sound physical punishment to humiliate and hurt her. In the process granting sexual satisfaction to both of them.”

“So he’s going to punish Kevin for an attitude he’s paying to having installed in Kevin?” asked Willy incredulously.

Brian grinned. “The punishment is what the client enjoys and so he wants to ensure he’ll have lots of opportunities to give it.”

“I’ve seen enough.” said Willy as she stood up. “This is abhorrent and needs to stop.”

“Willy...” said Lisa gently.

Derek stood up. “Sit down, Willy.”

Willy threw a punch at Brian then shoved her chair across the room as she went to the controls.

Brunswick quickly locked out the controls to prevent Willy tampering with them.

“Willy, think about what you are doing. You are one woman and you’re inside a facility built to withstand a siege. Take a deep breath and go outside. Fight another day.” said Derek earnestly.

“I can save Kevin!” screamed Willy.

“Kevin doesn’t need to be saved.” said Derek desperately.

Willy turned on Derek. “You have no idea what it’s like to live every day with everyone thinking you’re a gender that you know you aren’t!”

“Yes, I do!” screamed Derek indignantly. “I’ve been misgendered! I’ve felt dysphoria at my body! I’ve lived with the shame and disgust!”

Willy threw a punch at Derek in a rage.

*

Chapter 4
In A Mirror Darkly

Derek woke in a hospital bed to see a short woman with sapphire blue eyes, plump pink lips, long blonde hair and short pink fingernails sitting before him. She was dressed in a short pink skirt and a cut off top that exposed her navel.

“You’re drooling...” said the blonde with a smirk.

Derek wiped his mouth. There was actually drool.

“I mean considering what happened, it’s very understandable.” said the blonde.

“Forgive me for sounding dim but who are you?” asked Derek.

The blonde snorted then smiled sweetly. “Right, the change. I forgot.”

Derek looked confused.

“I’m Felicity.” said the blonde cheerfully.

Derek looked blankly back at her.

“Kevin.” said Felicity as she snapped her fingers. “You knew me as Kevin. That name seems so alien to me now.”

“Kevin?” asked Derek incredulously.

Felicity blushed and giggled then she stood up and approached the bed. “Doctor Mackenzie and her team are very good at what they do, don’t you think? You saw me before. Quite intimately as I recall. Now look at me.” Felicity looked at her wrist. “I’d have a sold a lung to fuck a girl like me before and now nothing feels more natural.”

“You are very beautiful.” admitted Derek.

“Thank you and be sure to thank Brian and her team. They have made me so utterly happy.” said Felicity with pride.

Derek sounded solemn. “I saw your client’s wishlist. You’re in for a life of pain.”

Felicity blushed and looked to her manicured nails to avoid Derek’s gaze. “I know. I agreed to the client’s terms before I transitioned.” She leaned close to Derek and whispered. “The Doctor spanked me earlier and I had my first multiple orgasm.”

Derek stared at her.

Felicity giggled and sat back down.

Derek swallowed and tried to sit up.

Felicity looked concerned. “Easy now. Brian had to operate to fix some internal bleeding.”

“What?” asked Derek.

“It’s why you blacked out. You were let out of hospital early because Mr Brunswick promised to look after you then the stress of the tour caused your internal stitches to fail.” said Felicity carefully. It was as though she didn’t trust her new mind to remember everything correctly.

“Where are Willy and Lisa?” asked Derek urgently. “Where’s Stephanie?”

“Willy and Lisa opted to leave rather quickly the instant it appeared Willy had argued you into fainting. Stephanie was sent home by Brunswick I believe. I was supposed to be packed off to see my new owner but when I heard you fell unconscious arguing for my agency I insisted upon staying to look after you.” said Felicity.

“Oh, you didn’t have to do that.” said Derek hurriedly.

“No, she didn’t but she chose to.” said Brian as she approached with Brunswick. “She’s a very good girl and her owner will be lucky to have her.”

“Owner?” asked Derek.

Felicity shrugged. “I’m property now, remember? It’s mostly a formality since I was literally made to love submitting to him but it’s also how Brian can afford to help people like me find loving homes.”

“Felicity, you’ve been a very good girl but now Derek’s awake I’d like to take care of him.” said Brunswick gently.

“Yes, Sir.” said Felicity gently as she stood up then she looked to Brian. “Will I be shipped off now?”

“I’m taking you over tomorrow. Tonight you are mine.” said Brian carefully.

Felicity shot a glance at Derek.

Derek smiled then said playfully. “Doctor, perhaps you should give Felicity a very severe punishment?”

Felicity looked curiously at Brian.

Brian smirked. “That depends. Have you been a bad girl, Felicity?”

Felicity looked away and said carefully. “I’d rather not lie to you, Doctor.” She looked at Derek and winked.

“Then I am afraid you shall have to be punished very severely indeed.” said Brian, deadpan.

“Perhaps the cane will be necessary?” suggested Brunswick dryly.

“Oh, yes. Indeed I fear I shall have to use the riding crop as well.” said Brian casually.

Felicity was literally dripping with excitement. “I hope you’re not expecting me to come quietly?”

“It’s always more fun when naughty girls don’t.” said Brian as she offered her hand.

Felicity took Brian’s hand then walked off with her.

Brunswick said nothing for a moment as he studied Derek. His expression was grim.

“Where am I?” asked Derek quietly.

“At my on site hospital. Fortunately Brian’s one of these genius Doctors who can do everything from brain surgery to dentistry.” said Brunswick quietly.

“Hell of a looker too...” said Derek in an attempt to lighten the mood.

Brunswick smiled. “That she is. I’m thinking of claiming her as my property, or matching her up with someone that will give her the love and support she needs.”

“Am I in the running?” asked Derek lightly,

Brunswick laughed then he checked the readouts coming from sensors attached to Derek. “According to this. You’re fine.”

“A bit delicate though. I shouldn’t push it.” said Derek quietly.

Brunswick nodded then asked “Do you like golf?”

“Why do you ask?” asked Derek curiously.

*

Derek and Brunswick exited a lift that opened onto the roof of the facility. Derek wore a baggy tshirt sweatpants, flip flops and a dressing gown.

“Welcome to my safe space.” said Brunswick happily. “There’s nothing I like more than being up high in the dark.”

Derek approached the ledge and mused. “One day the people of the streets and the politicians will look up and shout ‘Save us.’”

Brunswick laughed.

Derek looked to Brunswick. “Veidt believed that humanity would destroy itself without a foreign enemy to unite against. Is that your plan?”

“Too optimistic.” said Brunswick quietly.

Derek nodded then he approached the golf clubs and picked one up. He mused. “A man chooses, a slave obeys.”

“Andrew Ryan, Bioshock.” said Brunswick with a smile.

Derek smiled. “I don’t suppose there are any light houses around here?”

Brunswick laughed.

Derek gave the golf club a few swings as he looked out over the view.

Brunswick muttered darkly. “Would you kindly approach me and use that gold club to kill the son of a lich you see standing before you?”

Derek tried to play it off like a joke. “A tad noticeable don’t you think? How would I get away with

it?”

“If you were alone with Hitler and had an opportunity to kill him, would you hesitate?” asked Brunswick curiously.

Derek put the golf club back in the caddy. “The cold war ended without nuclear devastation. If I kill Hitler then maybe someone more competent is put in charge and the nazis get nukes? Or perhaps the war is wrapped up before the Manhattan Project is finished and America never has nukes to fire, nor the reason to do so? Without those two nukes perhaps humanity doesn’t respect nuclear weapons well enough to avoid firing them?”

“Except there aren’t nukes in this situation. There’s just us. If I am a fascist monster isn’t my death worth yours?” asked Brunswick. His tone was casual and he sounded curious.

Derek quipped. “Well I prefer accident kills.”

Brunswick nodded and looked thoughtful.

Derek looked seriously at Brunswick and asked. “Are you suicidal, Reg?”

Brunswick looked up, his expression neutral.

“I am.” said Derek calmly as he studied Brunswick. “Kids can be so cruel and I couldn’t smell and didn’t go through puberty. Then when I finally got Kallman’s Syndrome diagnosed it was too late. I have breasts and what Doctors call a micropenis. I have been misgendered and my body makes me sick. Sometimes I want to tear myself apart. Literally rip the flesh from my bones.”

“I’m sorry.” said Brunswick quietly.

“Do you know the worst part? I felt comfortable in who I was before I got diagnosed. I looked in the mirror and I saw a woman and I thought it good because she was a cute woman and now -” Derek sighed and walked away from Brunswick towards the far ledge. “Now I look normal and my gender is recognised but I don’t feel like me anymore.” He turned back to face Brunswick and screamed. “I don’t know who I am anymore.”

“Then perhaps I should put you through one of my pods?” asked Brunswick curiously. It was a dangerous move but he’d rather Derek was angry at him than thinking about suicide while standing on a rooftop.

“I’ve considered it.” admitted Derek after a moment. “Everyone seems so happy in themselves and- And you could fix me.”

“You don’t need fixing.” said Brunswick gently.

“Yes, I do.” said Derek as he took a step back towards Brunswick. “Of course I do. I can’t smell, my opinions about fiction are all wrong and my body is a fucked up piece of shit. You could make me good with routines and schedules, give me a love of discipline and obedience, you could give me social skills and respect for authority.”

“Then what would be the point of owning you?” asked Brunswick pointedly.

“I’d be happy.” said Derek bluntly.

“I think I could make you happy just by ensuring you had a loving family and helping you process your trauma.” said Brunswick gently.

Derek smiled then asked. “What about your trauma then?”

Brunswick looked away. “My trauma is self inflicted.”

“You don’t think I have self inflicted trauma? I have shite social skills and dysphoria but I’m cis. I have offended good trans people in my ignorance and insensitivity. Willy was just the latest in a long line because I never know when to shut up.” said Derek pointedly.

“We are not the same.” said Brunswick firmly then he went to the ledge and looked out.

Derek joined him.

“Ever seen a good man play the evil choices in a roleplaying game? You can hear him trying to justify the catastrophically evil things he’s doing because it’s the only way to continue.” said Brunswick quietly then he looked to Derek. “I am the worst kind of evil. I am forcing people of one gender to become another and selling them as slaves. Sex slaves at that. I am violating people at a very fundamental level to achieve my objectives.”

“Kevin consented and Felicity is very happy with her new life.” said Derek carefully.

Brunswick nodded then he looked out. “There was a time when capitalism was noble. When it gave the peasants rights and social mobility. I keep telling myself that I am doing what I am doing ethically but I am unleashing one hell of a genie upon the world.”

Derek walked back to the golf clubs.

“Where are you going?” asked Brunswick.

“I was wrong, Reg, you’re not Andrew Ryan, you’re Tyler Durden.” said Derek dryly.

“Oh, because that is so much better!?” cried Brunswick indignantly.

Derek dropped a series of golf balls in a line on the roof as he explained. “You look like I want to look, you fuck like I want to fuck and -”

“How do you know how I fuck!?” cried Brunswick.

Derek shrugged as he picked up a golf club. “I fucked Stephanie and she fucked you.”

Brunswick looked thoughtful.

Derek swung the club at a ball and watched the ball fly from the rooftop. “Like Durden you may not be going about things in a way I personally morally agree with but at least you are trying to do something to address how broken the world is.” He swung at the next ball. “We aren’t in the world Fight Club was made in. We are in neoliberal decline. We are creating equality for the oppressed as the standard of living is lowered across the world, fascism rises and the world burns.” Derek looked to Brunswick. “I don’t know about you Mr Brunswick, but I don’t want to sit back and watch the world burn.” He took aim at the next ball and swung.

“Oh for god’s sake...” muttered Brunswick as he strode over and enveloped the smaller man then he repositioned Derek’s hands on the club. “This is how you swing.”

Derek smiled and muttered. “Yes, Sir.”

*

Chapter 5
Justice

The next morning Brunswick’s limousine dropped Derek off outside his apartment block.

Brunswick stood at the doorway with him and hugged him then looked intently at him as he said awkwardly. “So I better go...”

“You don’t have to.” said Derek as he shoved his hands into his pockets and leaned back against the building. “I doubt it’s what you’re used to but you’re welcome to come up.”

“Well...” Brunswick coughed and looked back at the limousine driver. “Chadders needs to be prepared for his turning and Brian’s taking Felicity to see her new owners.”

Derek nodded then said curiously. “It won’t take the whole day to prepare Chadders, will it? Besides Brian isn’t the only person who works in that huge building, is she?”

Brunswick looked back at Derek and smiled. “You really wouldn’t mind?”

“I’d like it actually. I mean when I claim possession of Chadders after his change we are going to be spending a lot of time together.” said Derek happily.

“Then I’ll just go see the limousine driver.” said Brunswick as he looked curiously at Derek. “Let him know I won’t be going back with him.”

Derek smiled.

*

Derek opened the door to his apartment and Brunswick entered. There were models of space ships from different films and TV series everywhere.

“Do you mind if I put on a letsplay?” asked Derek as he approached his gaming computer. “There’s a series I’m interested in.”

“Not at all. Do you mind if I have a look around?” asked Brunswick.

“Be my guest.” said Derek.

Brunswick headed into the kitchen and opened the fridge. He stared. “What the fuck!?”

Derek laughed and called through the wall. “Yeah, I’m addicted to cream soda.”

A small black cat entered the kitchen and jumped on the counter beside Brunswick.

Brunswick turned and smiled. “Well hello, handsome.” He stroked the cat and called. “What’s your cat’s name?”

“Doctor!” called Derek cheerfully.

Brunswick beamed as the cat preened under his attention.

He opened the cupboard. Lots of pasta and rice.

Brunswick headed into the bedroom. It was a single. He laughed and called out. “You’re going to need a bigger bed!”

Derek burst out laughing.

The covers were dark grey and the walls light blue. There were signed photos of Derek with different people on the wall. He saw a standee of Gal Gadot as Wonder Woman in the corner of the room and started to look under the bed curiously. He found a suitcase and opened it.

Inside the suitcase was a butt plug, a small pink vibrator, a large vibrator, a tube of lube, a collar sized for a human, a paddle, a long blonde wig, a short plaid skirt, set of high heels and a bikini top with large breast inserts.

Brunswick closed the suitcase and put it back under the bed. He noticed a bedside table with an ereader on it. He looked at the ereader for a long moment then picked it up and entered the living room.

As he entered the living room he noticed there were books on astrology, tarot, ufology and table top role playing games.

Derek shot a glance at Brunswick. “So did you open the suitcase under the bed?”

Brunswick frowned and sat down on the sofa beside Derek. “I didn’t know what it contained. If I had I wouldn’t have.”

Derek nodded then noted the ereader. “Feel free to have a look in that. I’ll answer any questions you may have.”

Brunswick nodded and turned on the ereader. There were collections for books in the Star Wars universe, the Star Trek Universe, the Doctor Who universe, collections for Discworld books, Game of Thrones books and the Wheel of Time novels. Then hidden in a collection marked Other was the erotica.

Derek was lost in his letsplay so Brunswick started to skim through the erotica novels.

Bought and Trained by Emily Tilton. A young woman gives her consent to an organisation called the Institute and is then hypnotised into forgetting her consent. She is then abducted and trained as a submissive sexual concubine before being sold to a wealthy couple.

Feminized at the Mannerhouse by Barbara Deloto and Thomas Newgen. A young man is reborn as a beautiful feminine woman and convinced to behave as one then sold to a wealthy man.

Book after book was on this same subject. Beautiful women trained to be submissives and sold. Books with the same premise but where those beautiful women had been men originally.

Then Brunswick found the collection called reference and all the books on how men can look and act as feminine submissive women.

Derek looked at Brunswick. “Do you have any questions?”

“No.” said Brunswick with a smile. “I’m honoured to be allowed this look into your fantasy life.”

Derek smiled and blushed.

Brunswick looked curiously at him.

There was a knock at the door.

Brunswick answered it.

A short dark skinned woman with long curly hair in a long brown coat and dark red business suit was at the door. “Detective Chief Inspector Nyota Cisse, I’d like you and Derek Gladstone to accompany me to the station please.”

“Why? On what authority?” asked Brunswick bluntly.

Cisse smiled insincerely.

“On the authority of All Cops Are Bastards.” said Derek dryly as he got to his feet and appeared beside Brunswick.

“Derek, let me handle this.” said Brunswick.

“You’re not in trouble.” said Cisse calmly then she looked curiously at Brunswick. “Unless you’d like to be.”

Derek looked carefully at Brunswick. “I trust you so trust me.”

Brunswick frowned but gave a nod.

*

Cisse drove them to the station in her own car, a large Volvo estate. They were ushered through to an interview room where Lisa and Willy waited.

Brunswick exploded. “You!? You’re behind this farce!? I should have you locked up for what you tried yesterday! Derek nearly died trying to save you and you nearly finished the job!”

Willy and Lisa said nothing.

“Reg.” said Derek quietly.

Brunswick fell silent instantly and looked to Derek.

“You just threatened to lock up a trans woman. Do you have any idea how many trans women die in police custody and prison?” asked Derek icily.

Brunswick frowned.

“I did not save her life for you to get her killed.” said Derek pointedly.

Brunswick swallowed and gave a nod. He looked to Willy. “Sorry.”

“No offence taken. You’re right.” said Willy quietly. “I just want to talk to Derek but I think the DCI may want to talk to you.”

Brunswick was visibly relieved. He looked to Derek. “Will you be okay?”

Derek nodded then asked. “Will you?”

Brunswick smiled.

Derek hugged him then said. “Try and remain calm and civil, yeah? Don’t let them bait you.”

Brunswick gave a nod then he left the room.

Cisse followed him.

Derek sat down in a chair opposite Willy. “So what’s this about?”

“I wanted to talk to you, to apologise.” said Willy.

“So you had the police arrest me?” asked Derek dryly.

Willy groaned. “I didn’t think they’d arrest you. I just didn’t know where you live.”

“All Cops Are Bastards.” said Derek coldly as he looked curiously at the two armed officers that silently stood guard either side of the room.

Lisa leaned forward and pleaded. “You didn’t see her last night.”

“No. I was unconscious after surgery to fix my internal bleeding.” said Derek casually.

“How is Kevin? Do you know?” asked Willy curiously.

“Her name is Felicity now and she is very happy in her new life as a submissive woman. Brian’s delivering her to her new owner today.” said Derek coldly.

“Good.” said Willy quietly. “I’m glad she’s alright.”

Derek unfolded his arms and leaned forward. “That’s surprising.”

Willy rolled her eyes then leaned forward and said carefully. “One aspect cis people don’t quite get about being trans is that I constantly feel pressure to represent people like me. To make decisions that reflect the needs of every person living life as a trans or non-binary person. So often I feel like I’m expected to speak for my entire demographic and it sucks. What if I want to be the bad guy?

What if I want to lash out or support a cause that isn't popular? You get to be a shitty human being without condemning every person who is a cis white man too."

"Well cis white men as a demographic have a lot of problems that should be addressed." said Derek carefully.

"But cis white men won't be murdered, sent rape threats or face laws being passed to target them because one cis white man was a shitty human being. No one ever argues that films featuring cis white men need to stop being made because one bombed. No one ever argues that it would be too difficult to make a game with a cis white male protagonist." insisted Willy.

Derek swallowed and gave a nod.

"That's why I got so angry yesterday. I wasn't just trying to save Kevin. Whatever that meant. I was terrified that if this technology got out it would start being used against people like me." said Willy earnestly. "I don't want any trans or non-binary person to be injected by some special virus and forced to become a cis person. I do not want my identity erased even if I would seem to be perfectly happy with being a cis man because of the injection. I am a trans woman and while I want support I do not want to become a cis woman. I am who I am and that matters."

"I see now." said Derek quietly. "That seems a very valid perspective, now you explain it to me."

Willy groaned. "I'm not trying to shame you. I am just trying to explain that I feel like this situation has me torn between the needs of representing the demographic and forming my own opinion."

"Well, if we did achieve endgame equality you wouldn't have to speak for your demographic." said Derek carefully.

Willy smiled. "Exactly. So this is me speaking for myself now, not as a trans woman, but as a human being. I may end up being an outlier whose choices are judged hypocritical and stupid but this is how I honestly feel."

"I'm listening." said Derek.

Willy took a deep breath.

Lisa rubbed her back reassuringly.

"Something Brian said sunk in after we left the facility yesterday. She still goes by Brian because there's nothing dead about her name. She was born a cis man and she is still that same person now that she's a cis woman. We spoke to Kevin and he argued for his right to choose become a woman and evidently Felicity is very happy to have made that choice. Do I have the right to tell a person their method of gender expression and identity is wrong if it differs from my own journey? Do I have the right to force someone to remain the gender they don't want to be just because they are consciously choosing to change gender rather than realising the truth of their identity like I did? Do I have the right to deny someone the potential to live a happy life as a different gender out of fear for what it might mean for my demographic?" asked Willy uncertainly.

"I don't know." said Derek honestly.

Willy nodded. "I'd have found it suspicious if you claimed to. My point is that I don't know what is right here and I don't honestly know if I have the authority to make decisions of this magnitude. All

I do know is that you got shot trying to save me and Lisa then I attacked you and caused you to suffer. I don't believe you deserved that and I'm sorry."

Derek nodded then asked. "May I ask you two ladies a question?"

Willy looked to Lisa.

"Of course." said Lisa.

*

"That's a lot of bad apples." said Brunswick as he finished reading through the folder Cisse had handed him when they entered her office. He set it down on the desk and looked curiously at her as she looked out the window of her office. "I take it you didn't ask me to look at this so I could be your shoulder to cry on, so what do you want?"

"To do a deal with you." said Cisse.

"You want a bribe?" asked Brunswick curiously as he approached her and shoved his hands into his pockets. "Is that why you handed me the folder of the most corrupt cops in your jurisdiction?"

Cisse turned to face Brunswick. "The city should be afraid of you, Brunswick, you've seen its true face. Let me help you clean up the streets."

Brunswick laughed.

"Let me be your Commissioner Gordon." said Cisse seriously.

Brunswick stopped laughing and stared at her.

"Your woman saved my life last night and your friend in the interview room told me all about your plans to change the world. Let me help you." said Cisse carefully.

"My friend was shot at by fascists. I'm sure he exaggerated." said Brunswick carefully.

"Alright, you don't trust me, well I trust you so let me be blunt." said Cisse dryly as she looked into his eyes. "I want you to turn those pigs into beautiful bubbly bimbos and sell them to the highest bidder. Together we can rid the police of the racist filth and in return you'll get lots of lovely stock to sell."

"Why would a cop want to crack down on racists?" asked Brunswick curiously.

"Look at me." said Cisse irritably.

"Yes, Stephanie told me that you're trans and from Senegal, but you're a cop and quite an old successful one at that. I'd sooner trust a Dalek, at least they're honest about their intentions and their prejudices." said Brunswick coldly.

Cisse scowled. "Fascists killed my partner yesterday. Fascists I've known about for years but fascism is protected by free speech now so I couldn't do shit about them. If you help me reform the police then I can go after the scum that murdered my friend."

Brunswick smiled insincerely. “Revenge isn’t justice. I suggest you find someone else to be your batman.”

“Then let me show you out.” said Cisse.

Brunswick gave a nod.

*

“Go for it.” said Willy.

“I’m not sure.” said Derek.

“If it’s something you want then go get it.” said Lisa.

The door opened.

Derek nearly jumped out of his seat and looked pale.

“I’m going.” said Brunswick quietly as he studied Derek. “If you want you can stay here or you can come with me to the facility now.”

“I’ll come with you.” said Derek hurriedly.

“Us too.” said Lisa as she stood up.

“I want to get a consultation for a change of my own.” said Willy as she stood up

“Alright, I guess I can let you have it for free.” said Brunswick with a smirk. “As you are friends?”

“Well lets not be too hasty.” said Lisa with a smirk as she rounded the table.

“You belong to me and you know it.” said Willy playfully as she rounded the table and put an arm around Lisa.

“Yes, Mistress.” said Lisa then she kissed Willy on the lips.

“I could make it official if you like?” asked Brunswick curiously.

Lisa looked wide eyed at Brunswick.

“We’ll talk.” said Willy with a smirk.

“Your reading glasses.” said Cisse as she pulled a black case from her pocket and handed it to Willy.

“Thank you.” said Willy as she took out the thick black rimmed glasses.

Brunswick smiled thinly at Cisse then left the interview room.

Derek followed after him.

Cisse took hold of Willy by the arm and held her back. She hissed. “He didn’t admit to anything. Try to get an interview with the Doctor about what usually happens. Remember we’ll be watching from the van so if you feel in danger say ‘Allonsy’ and we’ll come get you.”

Willy nodded then left with Lisa.

*

“So what did you talk about?” asked Derek curiously while they waited for the limo.

Willy was plaiting Lisa’s hair into a ponytail beside Derek and Brunswick.

“Oh, she was just talking about how sorry she was that she was so late on the scene to help you. Apparently if they had more officers they could properly go after the fascists.” said Brunswick casually then he looked to Derek curiously. “What about you? Talk about anything interesting?”

“Oh, well, Lisa’s an architect so she was just telling me about how she’d build the facility differently if she had the choice.” said Derek casually.

Brunswick nodded. “Nice, I might hire her.”

Derek stared at Brunswick. “Hire?”

“Always pays to pay your friends well.” said Brunswick evenly.

Lisa opened her mouth to speak.

Willy pulled on her hair.

Lisa squeaked. “Careful.”

“I’m trying, remain still. The slightest movement of your head could throw off my work.” said Willy acidly.

*

In the security van Cisse frowned. “Derek was talking openly about it the night before last and claimed Brunswick talked openly about it. Willy and Lisa backed that up.”

*

“Boss!?” called the limousine driver as they approached the facility.

The doors had been forced upon and the guards outside were lying dead on the street.

“Stop here then drive to somewhere public and wait for me to call. If anyone approaches you, drive on.” said Brunswick seriously. Then as an after thought he added. “You’ll get overtime and hazard pay but for god’s sake stay safe.”

The limousine slowed to a stop and Brunswick jumped out.

Derek, Willy and Lisa exited behind him.

“What are you doing here?” asked Brunswick as he looked to Derek.

“Chadders is in there.” said Derek bluntly.

“Your friend got shot for us, we’re not about to abandon him.” said Lisa firmly

“Right.” said Willy.

“Then lets head to where Chadders was staying.” said Brunswick as he headed towards the doors of the building.

Inside more guards lay dead. There were spent casings over the floor, bullet holes in the planters and decapitated flowers. The concealed doors were open.

Brunswick looked to Willy furiously.

“What are you looking at?” asked Willy nervously.

Brunswick took off at a sprint.

Derek, Willy and Lisa followed.

*

There was a small series of apartments on the top floor of the facility.

There were dead bodies leading towards the door of one particular apartment. The door had been forced open.

Brunswick was first in. No sign of anybody in the living room and a glance told him there was no one in the kitchen. He went back to the door and beckoned to Derek, Willy and Lisa.

Derek headed to the fridge with a smile. “You know I could really go for a cream soda.”

Brunswick looked with concern at Willy. “I had no idea any of this would happen. You have to believe me.”

“Your men are dead, we believe you.” said Lisa quietly.

Derek screamed.

Brunswick and Willy ran at the sound.

Derek pointed towards the fridge.

Brunswick opened the door and his skin turned pale. He stood aside to let Willy get a good look.

There, in the fridge, was a dismembered body. The head looked back from the top shelf with dead eyes.

“Who is that?” asked Willy, horrified.

Derek gabbled. “Chadders Macintosh. He’s a videogame streamer. I am - I mean he was- I mean -”

“I was going to turn him into a woman and gift her to Derek at his request.” said Brunswick with chilling calm as he looked at Willy. “Except somebody killed him and when I find out who there’ll be hell to pay.”

“Well good luck with that.” said a tall white man in a black suit as he exited the bedroom with a dark skinned woman in a ruffled purple three piece suit. She was beaten and bruised with her hands bound by zip ties. She’d clearly been crying. There was a pistol barrel jammed to the side of her head.

Willy and Brunswick turned at the sound.

“Get back!” cried Derek to Lisa.

Lisa did not need telling twice.

Six other guys in similar black suits exited the bedroom.

Brunswick said with eerie calm. “What do you want?”

“What’s the phrase of that thing that attacked us the night before last?” asked the man holding the dark skinned woman. He smiled as he remembered. “Ah yes... Crush the lesser races, conquer the galaxy, unlimited rice pudding. That’ll do nicely.”

“Then take me.” said Derek firmly as he stepped forward. “You’ll never leave here alive with her as a hostage but Brunswick won’t risk me getting hurt.”

“I could just kill you now.” said the man.

“Try it!” snapped Brunswick furiously.

“See what I mean?” asked Derek coldly then he looked carefully at the dark skinned woman. “Besides Nadine is a true believer in social justice. She’d rather die than let you get away with killing her boyfriend.”

“Besides the police have already been called and you know how they get around black people.” said Brunswick acidly.

“Riggs, take hold of the boy. Murtagh, tie him up.” said the man.

“Sure thing, boss.” said one of the men as he took hold of Derek.

“Are you going to let us fuck this one, Don?” asked a man who pulled out zip ties.

“Yeah, I think I can allow you to break in the back doors of this one.” said the man as he released the dark skinned woman and shoved her at Brunswick. “You can expect a ransom demand tomorrow. If you want your boy to live until then, you won’t call the cops or send anyone else after us.”

Derek looked intently at Brunswick as he was tied up and led away by the men.

Brunswick waited until they were gone then he led the dark skinned woman to the kitchen and grabbed scissors with which to cut her bonds.

“Who is that woman?” asked Lisa.

“Nadine Kikelomo, she was Chadders girlfriend.” explained Brunswick.

“How are you so calm?” asked Willy.

“I served a tour in Afghanistan when I was young.” said Brunswick then he looked to Willy. “Now I’m going to be honest with you. My friend, my colleague, Doctor Brian Mackenzie, she likes to experiment. I allowed her to so long as she was ethical. Well, she developed a strain of the virus we use to turn cis men into cis women that doesn’t need the intense array of injections you saw yesterday. All this virus needs is to be injected once anywhere within the body and it will completely remake the person injected into a short slim blonde blue eyed woman with large breasts. The newly created woman will have no memories of her former life, she will be completely submissive, consider myself and Brian her owners and accept whatever name we give her but in the absence of any formally given name will respond to standard pet names.”

“Why are you telling me this?” asked Willy.

“I mothballed the project when Brian revealed that the downside of the new virus was it couldn’t quickly be modified to suit the needs of different clients. A couple of months ago Brian revealed to me that she had been working on a way to weaponize the virus and had developed some equipment to facilitate this. She had also brewed up a large batch in case we wanted to sell it and the gear to the state. I had the gear and the virus batch secured in a top secret vault only I had access to after that.” explained Brunswick.

“So you intend to use this batch of virus and the gear to go after the men who took Derek and killed Chadders?” asked Willy.

Brunswick gave a nod. “Time to clean up the streets but I could do with help.”

“I thought you’d never ask.” said Nadine as she rubbed her wrists.

“We are getting you a drink and some food before we go.” said Brunswick firmly.

“No argument from me.” said Nadine with half a smile.

“How are we going to know where to go?” asked Lisa.

“Stephanie’s a Doctor at my facility. She recognised Derek’s potential as a submissive woman just from his handshake. That’s why she slept with him. From her research she was certain and after Derek’s behaviour when talking to Brian and during the meeting with Kevin I became convinced Derek was worth keeping track of. So while Brian was performing surgery on him last night I had her implant a tracking beacon.” explained Brunswick.

“If it’s alright by you I don’t just want to zip tie bimbos.” said Lisa decisively

Willy nodded. “I’d also like to take the fight to those guys.”

Brunswick looked Willy in her eyes then said. “I’ll agree to that deal you mentioned if you arrive with zip ties and collect up the bimbos you find. Lisa excluded of course.”

“You know?” asked Willy with a groan.

“Know what?” asked Brunswick with a wink. “Now come on, angels, we have work to do.”

Chapter 6
Bimbofication

A large delivery van for ‘Blonde Days Deliveries’ a subsidiary delivery firm Brunswick bought out a year ago to delivery his ‘products’ pulled up outside a large complex.

Willy stepped out of the passenger side in the costume of a delivery guy with a clipboard and signing tablet. She had cut her hair short and adjusted her posture to be more masculine, with a mask to hide her face and a fake beard that poked out beneath to add to the disguise. She went around to the back of the van and pulled out a large delivery trolley.

Lisa was in a trouser suited delivery uniform with her hair tied back in a ponytail, a branded delivery cap and a mask to hide her mouth and nose. She helped Willy load large barrels of the special virus onto the trolley.

As this happened Brunswick and Nadine left via the driver’s side. Nadine went left, Brunswick went right. Each carried a barrel of the virus of their back, two holstered specially made ‘injection pistols’ and a special briefcase. They also were each dressed in black three piece suits with an armoured weave. The suits were complete with gloves, hoods, hats, masks and face shields, each had built in armoured weave.

The complex had a symmetrical entrance so Nadine and Brunswick were each able to hunker down in a flower bed behind raised planters as they opened their brief cases to put together ‘syringer rifles’ - Air powered rifles that shot reusable syringes into the necks of targets.

Nadine finished putting together her rifle and touched the base of her right ear, opening the encrypted communication channel with Brunswick. She whispered. “These suits are great. You should sell them to the parents of American school kids. They beat a bullet proof backpack by miles.”

“If we survive this my hope is American school kids won’t need bullet proof anything to avoid being shot.” said Brunswick as he watched the delivery van.

“You’re going after the NRA?” asked Nadine curiously.

Brunswick smirked. “Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of fascist scum.”

Willy and Lisa finished loading up the trolley then they started making for the entrance to the complex.

“Heads up, we’re on.” said Brunswick.

Nadine smiled. “Yes, Sir.”

Brunswick and Nadine each loaded up their syringer rifles and started firing at the patrolling guards

they could see.

Willy and Lisa came to a stop before the entrance to the complex.

“Hold up.” said the Guard on the left. “What’s this?”

“Delivery for the Don.” said Lisa calmly.

“Don’t I know you?” asked the Guard on the right suspiciously as he studied Lisa.

“We’re Blonde Days Deliveries. We hire for a very specific look. You’ve probably seen another delivery team.” said Willy dismissively.

“I had to go on a three day course to get the make up and voice just right.” said Lisa.

“Alright...” said the Guard on the right as he leaned back.

“The Don still said nothing about expecting a delivery.” said the Guard on the left.

“You’ll have to take that up with the complaints department. My job is to deliver this to the Don, so that’s what I’m going to do. It’s more than my life is worth if I don’t.” said Willy.

The Guard on the left waved them through. “Alright...”

“Right, that’s all the guards I can see patrolling.” said Nadine as she hunkered behind cover.

“Same here.” said Brunswick from his position. “Lets move up before the ones we’ve hit start to change.”

“Aye, Sir.” said Nadine as she slung her syringer rifle over her shoulder then she vaulted the planter.

*

Derek was naked from the waist down with a spreader bar between his ankles as he was strapped down over a bench so his bum was nice and high. The first five of the Don’s men had already fucked him and now it was Murtagh’s turn.

The Don was watching security feeds of his complex. The outside feeds showed a bunch of identical blondes stumbling about in confusion. Inner feeds showed men watching in terror and confusion as their colleagues changed before their eyes.

Derek moaned as Murtagh came inside him.

The Don turned to face Derek as Murtagh gave slow rythymic thrusts to finish off. “My men are turning into clueless blonde women. You wouldn’t happen to know anything about that would you?”

Derek lifted his face from the bench and smirked. “He’s coming, Don.”

“Who is coming?” asked the Don as he pulled an office chair from nearby and sat down backwards on it so he could talk to Derek on his level.

“The New Model Feudalist.” said Derek proudly. “The Oliver Cromwell for the digital age.”

Murtagh finished off and pulled out of Derek. He stood up. “Should I go fetch someone else to fuck him, Sir?”

“No. Go clean yourself up. I want you ready for - Well I want you ready.” said the Don.

Murtagh nodded then left.

The Don studied Derek curiously. “You’re not like the others I have my men rape. Sometimes the women come and seem to enjoy themselves but they always hate themselves for it and it adds to their torment. You don’t look like you’re suffering.”

Derek beamed. “That’s because this is my fantasy, Don.”

“Is that right?” asked Don with a sneer. “You like being fucked by fascists do you?”

Derek stopped smiling. “No, but my deepest darkest fantasy for many years has been to be restrained and forcibly fucked by strong powerful men.” He dropped his voice to a whisper and said coldly. “I couldn’t pay for a better service, whore.”

“Well if you want to be fucked, I’ll give you a fucking you’ll never forget.” said Don furiously.

“Oh no, anything but that.” said Derek with a smirk.

Don felt rock hard and he wasn’t sure why, but as he got up and strode to Derek’s rear, he slapped the flanks of the young man and watched him quiver with excitement.

The doors opened and Rigs and Murtagh entered just as Willy and Lisa entered with an empty trolley and one other guard.

“Delivery for you, Sir.” said the Guard with Willy and Lisa.

The Don looked at the empty trolley. “What delivery?”

Lisa winked at Derek.

The Don studied Willy and Lisa then groaned. “Rigs, you take the blonde. Murtagh, you take the one in the glasses. Fuck them hard. I’ll decide what to do with them later.

Willy and Lisa walked off with Rigs and Murtagh.

The Don entered Derek and smiled. “You’re nice and loose, boy.”

“Well your men have gotten me ready for you, Sir.” said Derek happily.

The Don started to fuck Derek hard.

*

“Fuck.” said Nadine as she peaked through the gap in the door. “They’re ready for us.”

Brunswick approached from a nearby doorway. “All the men back there have been given the virus. It seems the only way to Derek is through this corridor.”

“Reg, your suits are good but they can’t be good enough for this.” said Nadine.

Brunswick checked his watch and smiled. “They don’t need to be. Get out of sight and pull anyone who exits into that room.”

“Yes, Sir.” said Nadine.

Brunswick waited until she was in position then he stood up and pulled open the double doors to the forward corridor.

The Guards were careful to fire only if they had a clear line of sight at Brunswick.

Brunswick pulled out his injection pistols and rammed the metal needles into the necks of the two nearest Guards and pulled the triggers of his pistols. A dose of the virus was injected into each Guard. Brunswick pulled the pistol’s back. A small sleeve appeared around each metal needle and heated it up to kill off any potential contaminant. He then slammed the pistols into the heads of the two Guards and pulled them over his feet.

The Guards fell to the floor and dropped their guns.

Nadine pulled them into the side room and removed their guns. She shoved the guns far down the corridor they had come.

Brunswick worked methodically through the corridor. He injected each guard and sent them flying from the corridor.

The final Guard locked the door further on while his friend shot at Brunswick.

Brunswick easily injected the last but one Guard then tossed him aside.

The final Guard felt the syringer on his neck.

“Give me the key and I’ll let the police deal with you. I can take it from you once I’ve injected you anyway.” said Brunswick coldly.

The final Guard turned to see Brunswick’s armour had holes in it about his chest and he was bleeding.

“How about a compromise?” asked the Guard.

“A compromise?” asked Brunswick curiously.

“If I go to the police they’ll throw the book at me but I don’t want to become one of those things either. So here’s what I’m thinking. There are more men through that door. Easily enough to bring you down in the state you’re in, so let me help you and in return I’ll go with you. You can even make me into one of your special girls if you let me remember who I am.” said the final Guard.

Nadine appeared beside Brunswick. “You’ll need to give evidence to the police.”

“Deal.” said the final Guard. “The name’s Ted by the way.

“The key, Ted.” said Brunswick.

“Take one of my injection pistols.” said Nadine.

Ted unlocked the door and took the offered pistol. “Thanks.”

*

Derek came hard. He had never come so hard in all his life. He let out a deep guttural groan of satisfaction as he did so.

Don kept fucking him as he snarled. “Do you like that, Boy, do you like it when Daddy fucks you hard.”

Derek giggled. “Yes, Sir.”

Don came inside Derek and slowed his thrusts. He unlocked the spreader bar and freed Derek from his restraints as he carried the young man in his arms to the security screen.

On screen armed police were storming the complex and carrying off the women his men had become. Brunswick and Nadine were working with one of his men to clear out the last few rooms before his.

“They’re coming to take you from Daddy. You don’t want that do you, boy?” snarled Don.

Derek burst out in a fit of hysterics.

Don pulled out his phone from his pocket and messaged his loyal six:

To me, now. In your armour.

Don was still thrusting into Derek but now he exited and started to kiss Derek.

“Wait...” said Derek as he pulled back. “You’re really into this aren’t you?”

Don nodded. “It’s never happened before but you make me so hard, I just want to consume every inch of you, boy.”

Derek started to kiss Don with a furious passion, reason be damned.

The fascist six united at Don’s position. They wore balaclavas, helmets and gloves over kevlar weave coats and trousers.

The door to the outside burst open as Ted, Brunswick and Nadine entered.

Don beamed as he spun Derek to face Brunswick and pulled his hands behind his back. “It’s over, Brunswick, you’re outgunned and I have your boy.”

“I don’t know. That Guard looks shorter than he should be.” said Brunswick with a smirk.

At that moment the Guards who should have been Rigs and Murtagh used their injection pistols on the two Guards nearest them and disarmed them.

At the same moment Nadine and Ted injected and disarmed the other two Guards.

“Fuck.” breathed Don.

Brunswick held up his pistol before Don. “Tell me why I shouldn’t turn you into a clueless bimbo.”

Don looked desperately at Ted.

Nadine turned a pistol she had taken from one of the Guards onto Don. “You killed my boyfriend. You deserve to die.”

“You were going to rape us!” cried Lisa furiously.

DCI Cisse burst into the room with a few armed guards. “Nobody is going to be shooting anybody! This is over and you are going away for a long time Donald Blythe!”

Derek raised a hand. “May I say something?”

There were a few awkward looks then Derek was nodded on.

Derek looked to Willy and Lisa. “I got shot trying to protect you, Willy and Lisa, surely that counts for something?”

Lisa frowned but gave a nod.

“You’re right about that.” said Willy quietly.

Derek looked to Nadine. “Don’s team didn’t just kill your boyfriend, they killed the man who was to become my submissive pet. Aren’t I entitled a say in how justice is carried out in response?”

Nadine gave a nod. “Of course.”

Derek looked to Cisse. “DCI, you would know nothing about Brunswick’s facility if I hadn’t talked my head off. You wouldn’t be here to make demands without me. If you want to prove you’re not a bastard like the rest of the cops, now is the time to prove it.

Cisse smiled. “You make a good point, proceed.”

Derek looked to Brunswick and said earnestly. “This man fucked me and he had his men fuck me. I should hate him. I should want him dead or worse but I’ve come for him and I can’t just let you kill him.”

“So what do you want me to do?” asked Brunswick.

“Justice must be done and this man must stand trial and give evidence but after that-” Derek looked to Don and smiled sadly. “Let him join our little family. Turn him into a submissive woman but do it properly at the lab and make sure the woman that exits the pod is the same person with the same memories and let her be a switch who can use a strap on cock to ride me.”

“What do we think?” asked Brunswick. “Lisa, you first.”

“I’m okay with that. We’ll be honouring the victims, giving him one hell of a punishment and ensuring he can’t do harm ever again.” said Lisa.

Willy nodded.

Nadine sighed. “Justice would be done.”

“I can work with that.” said Cisse.

“Then you’ll do it. You’ll admit to everything?” asked Brunswick as he studied Don.

“If it means that instead of prison I’ll being home with you and I’ll get to fuck this cute thing then yes.” said Don evenly.

“Then take Don and Ted into custody, Cisse. Let me know when I can take them home.” said Brunswick.

Cisse nodded then gave out orders to her officers.

Derek embraced Brunswick and noticed his injuries. “You’ve been shot.”

Brunswick nodded and smiled. “But I saved you.” He collapsed suddenly.

Derek cried out. “We need a Doctor!”

*

Chapter 7
The End

Brunswick woke up in a hospital bed.

Derek was asleep in a chair beside his bed.

Stephanie arrived in the wing of the hospital with a bottle of mountain dew and a frothy coffee. She was dressed in a colourful floral wrap dress that showed off her arms.

“Don’t wake him.” mouthed Brunswick.

Stephanie smiled and mimed zipping her mouth closed. She sipped her coffee.

Derek yawned and readjusted his posture without seeming to wake.

Brunswick smiled and asked in a whisper. “So when did you get here?”

“About an hour after you were bought in.” said Stephanie in a similar volume. “I saw the reporting of the shooting at the facility on the news.”

Brunswick nodded. “Police are probably crawling the place.”

“Actually a cop called Cisse came around. She said she’d try to get the facility cleaned up for you. At least for the basic stuff like doors and windows so it’s usable.” said Stephanie.

Brunswick smiled.

“She also reported that the - she used finger quotes - ‘girls’ were being very helpful with their investigation. Know anything about that?” asked Stephanie.

Brunswick gave a nod. “Any word from Nadine?”

“She’s got to arrange the funeral for Chadders and deal with the paper work.” said Stephanie.

“How about Lisa and Willy, Derek’s rescued damsels?” asked Brunswick.

“They were here but when I arrived they said they had somewhere to be.” said Stephanie.

Brunswick nodded.

Derek stirred and opened his eyes. He blinked and looked about himself.

Stephanie handed him the Mountain Dew.

Derek tore off the lid and practically inhaled it. He burped heavily and panted.

“Bad dreams.” asked Brunswick gently.

“Stephanie, could you excuse us?” asked Derek.

Stephanie nodded, silently got to her feet and walked off.

Derek leaned close to Brunswick and said carefully. “Reg, in the few days since I have known you I have been shot at, shouted at to the point of fainting after my internal stitches burst, taken hostage and - and -” He couldn’t say the last word.

“Raped.” said Brunswick for him. “Those fascists raped you.”

Derek bit his lip and nodded.

“Derek, I am here for you. I will pay for counselling, CBT, drugs and I will try to help you in any way I can.” said Brunswick seriously.

Derek smiled. “Reg, I have been bought so low but you have always been there to catch me and keep me safe. For pity’s sake, man, you were bleeding out from a gunshot wound and you waited to hear me out when it came to Don.”

“You matter.” said Brunswick quietly.

Derek nodded. “You matter too.” He swallowed then took a deep breath. “Reg, there’s no easy way to say this. No smooth way to subtly indicate my interest in this so I’ll be blunt. I want you to turn me into a submissive woman and claim ownership of me.”

“Without hesitation.” said Brunswick proudly.

Derek stared at Brunswick. “You’re not surprised?”

“If things had gone ahead as planned yesterday I’d have asked permission to make you my girl. Stephanie had you sussed from the moment she met you.” said Brunswick happily.

Derek burst into tears but he was smiling. “Oh, Reg, I love you.”

“Come here and give your Master a hug.” said Brunswick gently as he stretched out his arms.

Derek stood up, walked over and hugged him.

Brunswick caressed Derek. “So do you have any idea what sort of girl you want to be?”

Derek reached into his jacket pocket. He pulled out a tablet computer and navigated to his notes app. He handed the computer to Brunswick. “Here. What’s mine is yours.”

Brunswick gave it a skim read and smiled. “Alright, let me heal up and work on it a bit then I’ll get the viral program worked up.”

Lisa and Willy entered the wing of the hospital bickering.

“You can’t ask him.” said Willy irritably.

“Why not?” asked Lisa curiously.

“He’s just been shot, his accommodation was invaded and his people were killed.” said Willy testily.

“Yeah and we nearly got raped helping him get Derek back.” said Lisa pointedly.

“The answer is no!” snapped Willy testily.

“What’s the question?” asked Derek curiously as he looked to Willy and Lisa.

Willy was red faced.

Lisa looked pointedly at Willy and crossed her arms.

Brunswick sat up and looked curiously at them.

“Have you been crying?” asked Willy in an attempt to change the subject.

“Answer the man’s question.” said Brunswick sternly.

“Fine.” said Willy irritably. “I have decided after the last few days events that it’s time to stop prevaricating and book appointments to let my body match how I feel inside. I want to get top surgery and to have my face restructured and adam’s apple removed. Stuff like that. It is however expensive and would take a long time to save up for so Lisa suggested I ask you for a loan.”

“No.” said Brunswick.

Willy nodded solemnly.

“No?” asked Lisa incredulously. “We put ourselves on the line for you.”

“Which is precisely why I would never allow you to pay me back. You’re my friends. If you need therapy, surgery or drugs I’ll pay.” said Brunswick sternly.

Willy stared. “Thank you, thank you so much.”

“Can we have a house while you’re at it?” asked Lisa playfully.

Willy went red faced and buried her face in her hands.

“I’ll do you one better. My facility could do with a renovation and I need an architect so I’ll pay you a fair wage to do the job and you can have one of the apartments on the top floor. I’ll need a good architect for lots of different projects and I know I can trust you.” said Brunswick evenly.

Lisa stared at Brunswick. “You’re shitting me?”

“You two made the difference yesterday. Derek might be dead without you, we all might be. I know you put yourself at great risk and I will reward that bravery.” said Brunswick seriously.

Stephanie and Brian entered the hospital wing. Brian wore a long blue dress and looked concerned.

“Brian!” called Derek gleefully.

Stephanie and Brian approached.

“I stayed the night with Felicity and her new owner yesterday. By the time the news broke it was late enough that the trains would have stopped running before I got back.” said Brian as she checked over Brunswick’s different medical read outs and results.

“Why don’t you tell our friends why you were crying?” suggested Brunswick as he looked to Derek and squeezed his hand.

Derek blushed and beamed. “I’ve asked Reg to make me into his pet submissive woman.”

“I said yes.” said Brunswick gleefully.

“Oh, congratulations!” said Stephanie as she pulled Derek into a hug.

Lisa and Willy clapped.

“Good on you, mate.” said Lisa proudly.

“I love a happy ending.” said Willy cheerfully.

“You’ll love being a woman.” whispered Stephanie as she hugged Derek.

“I know.” said Derek quietly then he kissed Stephanie on the cheek and said. “I think I have you to thank for ensuring Reg was so eager to say yes.”

Stephanie pulled back and studied Derek. “I do hope you’re not mad at me?”

“Why would I be mad at you for helping me get what I want?” asked Derek with a smirk.

Stephanie impulsively kissed him.

Derek kissed back.

“Alright, I’m satisfied you’ll live.” said Brian at last then she looked to Brunswick. “You’re going to have a fine young woman in Derek. I’ll see she’s everything you both hope she’ll be.”

Brunswick beamed. “I appreciate it. We’ll talk more once I get out of here but for now you should know that the secret project I told you to stop came in handy and the cops have at least a couple of dozen newly created bimbos that need processing.”

“I’ll get right on that, Sir.” said Brian happily.

Stephanie broke off the kiss.

“I hope we can have more kisses like this when I’m a girl?” asked Derek sweetly.

Stephanie beamed. “Count on it.” Then she looked to Brian and asked. “Doctor, you mentioned that I was turned using a prototype version of the procedure?”

Brian nodded. “What about it?”

“Could you update my changing? Only I’m submissive and I identify as a woman but I’m not - Well I mean Derek right now has more of a feminine outlook than me and I’m nothing like Lisa.” said Stephanie awkwardly. “I want to be a real woman mentally and I want -” She took a deep breath then looked to Brunswick. “I want to belong to you, Sir.”

Brunswick looked to Brian. “Doctor, can you help her?

Brian smiled at Stephanie. “I dare say a scholar of gender studies might have something to say about the manner of that particular bit of expression but since I designed this process and went through the change myself I think I know what you mean. It’s like when you first start taking an anti-depressant and you’re slowly upping the dose to figure out the right point. You can tell your mood has improved and you feel more like yourself but you can also feel that you aren’t where you’re supposed to be yet.”

Stephanie nodded. “That’s it exactly. I can feel that things are just a little off.”

“Come on.” said Brian happily. “I could do with your help at the facility and while we’re there I’ll see if I can help you.”

“Yes, Doctor.” said Stephanie happily.

Lisa looked to Willy. “Book the appointments you can today. I’m going to go back to the facility with them, see if I can do anything to help with the state of the facility.”

Willy hugged Lisa and kissed her passionately then said. “I love you.”

Lisa beamed. “Right back at you.”

Lisa, Stephanie and Brian walked off.

Derek gave a nod to Willy.

Willy headed off on her own to start making appointments.

Derek looked down at Brunswick and smiled.

“Maybe you should write a book about this?” suggested Brunswick with a smirk. “Feminized and owned. The Story of a New Girl?”

Derek laughed.

*

Brunswick was discharged in time for Chadders funeral and attended with Derek.

Stephanie and Brian were together in silence as they watched.

Nadine invited Willy and Lisa since they were there to seek revenge.

Cisse was there to coordinate security.

After the funeral there was a celebration of the man’s life held at a nearby pub where a buffet had been put on.

Brunswick and Derek were standing quietly in a corner when Nadine approached.

“I’m glad you could come.” said Nadine sincerely as she laid a hand on each their shoulders.

Brunswick smiled politely. “He was a good man. He deserved better.”

“I wish I had a chance to know him better.” said Derek.

Nadine nodded then said quietly. “I hear congratulations are in order?”

Brunswick and Derek shared a look.

Derek looked innocently at Nadine. “What kind of congratulations?”

Nadine raised an eyebrow. “Did he tell you we found you because he had a tracking beacon inserted into you while you were undergoing surgery?”

“No. He didn’t.” said Derek curiously as he studied Brunswick.

Brunswick shrugged. “I wanted you to be my girl but I also needed to let you have a long leash.”

Derek smirked. “Interesting to know I already have a leash?”

Brunswick grimaced. “Look, I’m sorry -”

“Say no more.” said Derek as he raised a hand. “I’m your property so it’s good that I have it.”

Brunswick smiled then he looked to Nadine. “So what are you going to do now?”

“I thought I’d keep working with you if that’s alright. I’m bound to snatch up a cute boy sooner or later and then he’ll need an owner. Plus you need someone who can handle the PR side of things for you.” said Nadine.

“I’d love to keep you on board.” said Brunswick.

Nadine smiled then noticed someone watching them. “Looks like someone wants to talk to you and I better get about my rounds. We’ll talk later.”

Brunswick and Derek nodded.

DCI Cisse approached. “How are you two chaps?”

“Good.” said Derek.

Brunswick smiled. “Well enough. How are things with you?”

“The CSIs have finished with your facility and we’re starting to process everything that happened formally. You’re causing quite the stir.” said Cisse.

“Let me know when the trial is. I’ll be there.” said Brunswick.

“Well he better be too. This man’s an eye witness.” said Cisse.

Brunswick and Derek shared a look.

“This man won’t be a man much longer.” said Derek dryly.

Cisse smiled. “You mean you’re going to be changed like the others?”

Brunswick put an arm around Derek. “He’s my property. I can say whether he’s allowed to give evidence or not.”

“Well our deal requires a conviction against them so you’ll need him-” Cisse coughed as she corrected herself. “You’ll need them to attend.”

“I’ll be there.” said Derek.

Cisse moved off.

Brian approached. “Everything alright?”

Brunswick gave a nod.

“Stephanie’s not.” said Brian quietly. “The central chamber was shot up. It’ll take us at least a week to get it back in order and then we need to hire staff to replace the ones killed. Fortunately the

viruses are safe but we don't yet have the equipment to modify them."

"Well let me know when you're ready because I have stuff to do when you are." said Brunswick.

Derek smiled. "I'm stuff."

Brian beamed. "Tell you what, I'll email you a program to get Derek ready for his change. It'll be better if you're off site for a while anyway. We're still in the early stages of assessing how much damage was done and waiting for new parts. You'd only stress people out. I can book a hotel for you if you like."

"We can stay at my apartment." said Derek happily.

Brian looked curiously at Derek then gave a nod. "Its not how I'd normally process a unit but I think it'll work."

*

Brunswick went home with Derek and after a couple of nights eating pizza and playing video games Derek began what Brunswick called his 'preparation'

Derek was put on a nutritionally calculated diet then shaved, waxed, massaged and exercised daily. He was made to memorise positions and adopt them on command and given regular physical examinations by Brunswick.

Brian also modified the program to reflect that Derek and Brunswick already had an established relationship. Derek was stimulated to climax at least once a day, spanked in the morning and evening and anally fucked three times a day.

Finally Brunswick was informed via text message from Brian that the facility was ready again but that it would take three days to ready the viruses and gave an updated program for Derek.

Derek now had his cock locked in a chastity cage and was forbidden from all but the most basic of exertion as Brunswick cuddled up beside him to watch TV and play video games.

*

Derek was naked underneath a dressing gown as he travelled in a limo with Brunswick the day of the change. The limo came to a stop and Brunswick led Derek outside.

Lisa, Willy, Nadine and Stephanie were waiting outside to greet them as they arrived and they each hugged and kissed the pair then walked with the two men into the facility and down to the central complex.

Brian was waiting by an open pod.

Derek's heart was beating fast but outwardly he was calm. He trusted these people.

"Hello, Derek. It's good to see you. Has your Master told you your new name yet?" asked Brian gently.

"No, he hasn't..." said Derek as he looked to Brunswick.

“It’s Delilah.” said Brunswick with a smile. “Because you’re my Del Girl.”

Derek laughed.

“Head to the control room. All of you. This is going to take a while.” said Brian.

Brunswick escorted the women who came to offer their moral support to the control room.

“Remove your dressing gown, Derek.” said Brian.

Derek complied.

“May I have your consent to touch, caress and play with every aspect of your body?” asked Brian gently.

Derek blushed but smiled. “Yes, Doctor.”

Brian reached down and took hold of Derek’s tiny cock. “You’re going to lose this, you understand?”

“Yes, Doctor.” said Derek calmly.

“You’re about to enter a world of periods, cramps, misogyny, rape culture and patriarchal oppression, do you understand and accept that?” asked Brian seriously as she stared at Derek.

“I believe I understand enough to accept willingly and gladly.” said Derek.

“You understand that Reginald Brunswick is human and fallible? He will own you and we may both love and respect him now but as a human Reginald Brunswick has the potential to be irrational, irascible, unstable and abusive. Do you accept that the man you so love may become so hateful that you wish yourself distanced from him but that in such a scenario you will still be the woman you are about to become?” asked Brian.

“The thought has seldom been far from my mind of late but I am certain of this.” said Derek.

“Then say goodbye to the man you are now and the name Derek. You are about to become Delilah. The process will be long, painful and strange. You will not remember it but you will experience it in the moment. Do you understand and respect that?” asked Brian.

“Yes, Doctor.” said Derek.

Brian leaned close. “Last chance to run away.”

Derek smiled. “Stop stalling.”

Brian smiled and gestured to the pod. “Enter if you dare.”

Derek entered the pod.

Brian strapped him down and attached sensors then she kissed him on the forehead and closed the lid.

Derek was looking up at a series of needles and syringes on automated manipulator arms.

The wait couldn't have been more than five minutes but it felt like agony.

Suddenly an unseen needle jabbed Derek in his right hand. It was the familiar unpleasant sting of what Dentists and Doctors euphemistically called a 'slight scratch'.

A great hum built up and Derek saw the great manipulator arm whirr into life.

*

Delilah felt dizzy. She must have blacked up. She had breasts now and her penis was gone. She reached impulsively for her slit but was distracted by the shape of her hands. Her fingers were so thin and delicate.

The pod swung open.

Brunswick was waiting there for her. "Hello, Delilah, how do you feel?"

"Strange." said Delilah then she frowned. "I sound different."

There was something she was missing something that she knew should be obvious.

Impulsively she reached for her slit again. She felt a deep burning need to rub it suddenly.

Brunswick grabbed her wrist. "That's mine, baby girl. You don't touch it without my approval."

"Yes, Daddy." said Delilah instinctively then she looked curiously at Brunswick. "Daddy? Why would I call you Daddy?"

"Because I prefer it to Master and I got to decide what you now think." said Brunswick lightly

Delilah hurriedly considered. "Kirk, Picard, Janeway, Sisko, Archer. My favourite Star trek Captains." She exited the pod and mused. "The Doctor is Time's Champion, the Karshtakavaar and the Ka Fariq Gatri. He was loomed from a half human known in Gallifrey mythology as the Other."

"Your Star Wars knowledge is intact too." said Brunswick with a smirk.

Delilah thought for a moment. "I know every movie released about Barbie to date. I am up to date on the history of the Sugar Babes, have Bubble Gum Pop memorised and I'm now a fan of slash fic, My Little Pony and romcoms." She grimaced. "You have a very stereotypical definition of femininity."

Brian approached with a bouquet of roses.

Delilah was overwhelmed with a strange sensation that she found very pleasant.

"I may have added one other thing that wasn't on your list." said Brunswick with a smirk.

"Give me those!" cried Delilah eagerly.

Brian chuckled. “They are for you.”

Delilah inhaled deeply from the roses as she accepted them then smiled. “I love these.”

“You can smell.” said Brunswick proudly. “You are smelling the roses.”

“How?” asked Delilah.

Brian shrugged. “We regrew your olfactory bulb and programmed in some positive associations for you.”

Delilah wrapped her arms around Brunswick so she could kiss him then realised she was a foot shorter than him now.

“Come on, baby girl, it’s time to lose your virginity.” said Brunswick as he scooped Delilah up in his arms.

Delilah squealed with delight. “Yes, Daddy!”

Brunswick carried her off.

*

After her third orgasm Brunswick pulled out of Delilah and pulled her into a cuddle.

Delilah drifted off to a dreamless sleep.

She awoke naked in the same position a few hours later and went to the bathroom of the apartment they were staying in.

She caught sight of a beautiful naked woman in the mirror and realised with a start that she was looking at herself. It was one thing to imagine and describe the list of attributes she wanted to see in herself. It was quite another to actually see them.

She had long chestnut brown hair, bright green eyes, modestly full pink lips and teeth that were almost but not quite perfect. A smidgen of yellowing here and there, a degree or two off perfect on the odd tooth. Healthy teeth without the uncanny effect of pearly white American teeth.

She decided to ignore her breasts for now, plenty of time to study them later. Her body was so small and thin, her navel seemed strangely perfect. She’s never really considered navels before as anything of interest but this one was really pretty.

“I am literally navel gazing.” She said with a scowl.

Brunswick laughed.

Delilah screamed as she realized Brunswick was naked behind her.

Brunswick smirked. “Yeah, that’s my fault, I made you to be easily startled and prone to screaming.”

“Well I hope you thought to invest in earplugs for yourself” said Delilah irritably. “And heart

medication for me."

"You're quite the sight aren't you?" said Brunswick lightly.

Delilah nodded as she studied herself. "I know this is probably the height of narcissism but I'm so beautiful and adorable it's unreal."

"That you are." said Brunswick proudly.

Delilah beamed as she looked to Brunswick.

"All the cuter knowing you were my dorky male friend a few hours ago." said Brunswick with a smirk.

"Do you know what's really really odd?" asked Delilah.

"No. Tell me." said Brunswick happily.

"I don't miss my penis." said Delilah in astonishment. "All my life I was worried about not being man enough and now I'm a woman - for a given definition of woman - and I have never felt more comfortable."

"Good." said Brunswick sweetly. "Now I want to shower with you then I'll give you your first spanking and your first session of anal training."

Delilah felt nervous excitement and realized she was already leaking juices. She smirked. "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl." said Brunswick then he kissed her tenderly on the lips.

*

The next day Brunswick dressed Delilah in white lace lingerie complete with garters and stockings then had her wear a knee high plaid skirt over the top, a short sleeved white blouse and black high heeled shoes.

They arrived in a large room with tables pushed together to allow for a large buffet.

Nadine, Willy, Lisa, Stephanie and Brian were waiting with plates of nibbles and flutes of champagne.

Stephanie beamed and raised her glass. "A toast to Del Girl. An old friend and a new woman."

The toast was repeated.

Nadine approached and handed a champagne flute to Delilah.

"Cheers!" cried Delilah then she downed it.

Brunswick chuckled. "Don't have another glass, I made you a light weight."

"Am I also scared of mice and spiders?" asked Delilah with half a smile.

“No but you do cry a lot now.” said Brunswick.

Delilah glared at him. “Joy.”

Brian approached. “How are you, little girl?”

Delilah grinned. “Extremely happy with my choice.”

“Good because I’ve perfected the virus to help Stephanie out. After you two leave, make for the central chamber, I’ll lead Stephanie down discreetly afterwards.” said Brian.

*

Stephanie blinked.

The pod opened.

“How do you feel?” asked Brunswick.

“Fine.” said Stephanie curiously. “I feel fine.”

“Anything else?” asked Brunswick.

Stephanie thought for a moment then beamed. “Nope.”

Delilah looked curiously at her. “Feel any more girly?”

Stephanie smirked as she studied Delilah.

“I made her into a switchy brat.” said Brian cheerfully as she slapped Delilah and Brunswick on the back.

“I don’t feel any especially submissive impulses.” mused Stephanie.

“Perhaps you need a trip across Daddy’s lap.” suggested Brunswick with a smirk.

Stephanie blushed. “Oh yeah, there it is.”

“Daddy, I think little Stephanie needs some harsh punishment. Perhaps the Doctor can take care of me until you’re satisfied with her conduct?” asked Delilah playfully.

Stephanie laughed. “You rotter, Delilah.”

“I think you’re right.” said Brunswick gleefully.

“Have to catch me first!” cried Stephanie elatedly as she ran off.

Brian laid a hand on Brunswick’s shoulder. “Let her tire herself out running a bit then strap her down and spank her. After that let her go and tell her she may have an orgasm for each strike of the cane she is willing to bare.”

Brunswick nodded then kissed Delilah. “Be a good girl for the Doctor.”

“I’m always a good girl.” said Delilah proudly.

Brunswick beamed. “Quite right. You always were.”

Epilogue

It was months later but the trial of Ted, Don and those they implicated was concluded.

Brunswick had dressed Delilah in formal black high heeled shoes, knee high white socks, a knee length plaid skirt and a short sleeved white tshirt. She wore a thin platinum collar backed by leather and linen and studded with small diamonds. It was secured about her neck by a padlock that Brunswick held the key to.

Stephanie by contrast had been dressed in pink high heels that showed off her feet, expensive pink lingerie and a pink leather dog collar with a metal tag that gave her name and property registration number.

Both girls waited where Brunswick told them while he and Brian talked quietly. They both wore black trouser suits.

Lisa and Willy approached. Lisa wore a formal black dress while Willy wore a black three piece suit. Willy had not yet gotten any surgery yet.

Nadine approached with a tall pale man in a suit

Lisa’s jaw dropped open and she elbowed Willy.

Willy shrugged.

“Am I missing something?” asked Delilah curiously.

The white man snorted.

“That is Chris Donahue. He’s the star of a series of superhero films, he played Sherlock on TV, he was voted world’s sexiest man in all the best mags and he’s tipped to be the new James Bond.” explained Lisa gleefully.

“I also have my own jazz band and direct occasionally.” said Chris cheerfully.

“He’s also going to become the new spokesperson for our product range.” said Nadine with a grin.

Brunswick turned to her. “I’m sorry, what?”

“If you’ll have me?” asked Chris.

Brunswick looked curiously at Nadine. “All due respect to the dearly departed but this is a bit of a step up from a letsplayer on youtube.”

“Be fair. I didn’t start dating Chadders thinking I would be turning him into a spokesperson for you did I?” asked Nadine pointedly.

“Plus, I approached Nadine precisely because I knew she was girlfriend to the dearly departed representative of your company. I agree with what you are trying to do and I trust in your skills.” said Chris.

“Well, I’m very flattered but we’re not prepared.” said Brunswick seriously.

Brian nodded. “I’ll need to make up something special for you. That will take time.”

“Well I have three feature films in three different franchises due to come out the summer after next. I need to keep my look in case they need me for reshoots anyway but it gives us time to coordinate press tours, commercials, perhaps shoot a documentary, reality tv series and film to help promote what you’re doing.” said Chris.

Brunswick smiled. “That’s fantastic but I’m going to have my hands full. I already have my two girls and I’m about to receive two more.”

“Perhaps I could help with that?” asked a deep voiced man that approached.

He was short and broad shouldered with slicked back black hair and a black three piece suit. Two gorgeous women hung from his arms. On his left of was a tall Latina woman in a long black dress and jewellery. On his right was Felicity. She had been dressed in a short backless red dress. There was a tag hanging from her right ear and she wore a gold collar secured by a combination lock.

“Delilah, I don’t think you’ve met Richard Raspberry and his darling wife Aurora have you?” asked Brunswick.

“No, I haven’t.” said Delilah as she reached out a hand.

Richard took hold of her hand and kissed the back of it then looked curiously at Delilah. “I’ve been looking forward to meeting you. Your articles are most fascinating.”

“A few of them were about the Raspberry corporation as I recall. You wouldn’t happen to be THE Richard Raspberry would you?” asked Delilah carefully.

Richard smiled proudly. “The very same.”

Felicity frowned. “Master, do you have an issue with my friend?”

“Not at all. I admire the spirit of your friend’s writing, even if I don’t agree with it. We just have different political opinions.” said Richard genially.

Delilah stared at Richard.

“Now look at you, the mighty reporter with such fire in your words…” said Richard sweetly.

Delilah swallowed nervously.

“Perhaps I might borrow Delilah sometime?” asked Richard as he looked to Brunswick.

Chris had silently watched the interplay but now he spoke up. “How about I get Delilah a job at a news website and in return you can own me, Richard?”

Delilah was stunned. “You’d get me a job as a journalist?”

“It would set an important precedent for women like yourself and you could open with a nice large hit piece on everything wrong with the Raspberry Corporation.” said Chris casually then he looked meaningfully at Richard. “After all it’s just a little difference of political opinion?”

Richard laughed.

Brunswick wasn’t laughing. “How is your son by the way, Richard?”

Richard laughed harder.

“Look, I think I and Nadine need to talk.” said Chris quietly.

Richard stopped laughing. “You’ve got a deal.”

Chris gave a cautious nod. “I reserve the right to break that deal at any time.”

Brian looked curiously at Richard. “Perhaps I could see you later tonight? I have missed Felicity?”

Felicity looked to Richard pleadingly.

Richard smiled then looked to Brunswick. “If it’s okay by your employer?”

Brunswick gave a nod.

“If you’ll excuse us? We have to mingle.” said Richard as he held Brunswick’s gaze.

Brunswick smiled.

“We better mingle as well.” said Nadine as she led Chris away.

“Lovely meeting you.” said Chris.

When the Raspberrys, Nadine and Chris had gone, Brunswick turned to face Delilah. “Are you alright, little girl?”

Delilah shrugged. “I’m a little shaken I won’t lie but I’m okay.” Then she leaned forward and whispered. “I am allowed to be a journalist again, aren’t I?”

Brunswick pulled her into a hug and kissed her on the cheek then he pulled back and held her hands as he looked into her eyes. “I won’t let him hurt you. You’re too precious to me?”

“What about me?” asked Stephanie curiously.

Brunswick looked to Stephanie and smirked. “Actually I was hoping to have Brian turn up with you so that you could keep Richard busy while Brian checks everything is okay?”

Stephanie’s jaw dropped. “Daddy, that’s a lot of responsibility and independence you’re giving me?”

“Well you’ve been very well behaved today and I know that you’re still the woman who saved my little girl’s life that first night and stayed by her side.” said Brunswick gently.

“Thank you, Sir.” said Stephanie seriously.

Brunswick kissed her on the cheek too.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything.” said DCI Cisse as she approached.

“We’re good.” said Brunswick as he turned to face her.

Cisse nodded then said. “Don and Ted will be delivered by armed guard to your facility by the end of the day. I trust you have everything ready for them?”

Brian nodded. “The procedure is all set up. We just need them.”

Cisse nodded again then looked to Brunswick. “Can we talk?”

Brunswick nodded.

“In private?” asked Cisse.

Brunswick looked to Brian.

Brian gave a nod.

*

Cisse led Brunswick to a nearby rest room that was empty.

Brunswick looked curiously at Cisse. “So what is it, Commissioner?”

Cisse smiled insincerely then let her expression drop as she approached the wash basin.

Brunswick saw her face reflected in the mirror. “That bad, huh?”

“I have had a long time to prepare for this little operation. The rotten apples from all over England and Wales are in one place tonight. They think you’re a fascist yourself and that you’re building an army to storm parliament.” said Cisse quietly.

Brunswick nodded. “I keep my promises.”

Cisse looked at the reflection of Brunswick in the mirror. “One of my best friends, a DCI in London is going to be there tonight.”

“Does he know?” asked Brunswick.

Cisse nodded. “He helped convince so many in London to attend.” She snorted. “He actually asked if I could put private security out to patrol the street as he’s worried that so many cops will be taken off the street that crime levels might spike.”

“That’s easily arranged.” said Brunswick with a shrug then he looked carefully at Cisse. “If you like

I could arrange for him to be sedated and taken back to my facility for a more carefully overseen change. Let the girl he becomes remember something about his old life."

"He doesn't want to. He says he's complicit, that he has blood on his hands." said Cisse bitterly.

"Fair enough." said Brunswick.

Cisse turned to Brunswick. "Unless you could get her to me. Wipe her memory and give her the works but make it so her memory could come back if she was ready and not lost forever?"

"I think I can do that." said Brunswick with a smile.

"What do you want in return?" asked Cisse.

"You're a friend." said Brunswick.

"Friends pay friends for services rendered and I know what I'm asking you would cost you a lot of money." said Cisse.

"I wouldn't be getting that product to give away if not for you." said Brunswick.

Cisse scowled then turned back to the wash basin. "You know, don't you?"

"Know what?" asked Brunswick.

"That I wanted vengeance against the people that killed my partner and thanks to my actions the guy in charge is going to live instead of getting his head blown off." said Cisse bitterly then she looked at her reflection in the mirror. "That I saved the life of a fascist who raped your friend and killed my partner."

Brunswick took a small step towards Cisse. "That's what police should do. That's why I'm willing to help you. You are the law and that means you protect people from harm."

Cisse turned back to face him. "Turning fascist and corrupt coppers into amnesiac submissive women who will be sold as sex pets is being a good copper is it?"

"No. No, us two are monsters who fight monsters and there will come a day when the world we are trying to create will judge us very harshly for our actions." said Brunswick simply.

Cisse snorted. "It's the battle of the bastards."

"The war of the wicked more like." said Brunswick dryly. "Take more than one bloody battle."

"So what can I do for you?" asked Cisse seriously.

"Well, one idea has been percolating that only a copper could achieve…" said Brunswick.

"I'll try to make it happen, whatever it is." said Cisse.

"Star cops." said Brunswick.

Cisse stared at him.

Brunswick shrugged. “It’s a big old galaxy and the UK isn’t what it once was. If you could get the right words into people’s ears I’d be more than happily to donate heavily to a new British space exploration and colonization plan.”

Cisse smiled. “That’s stupid but I love it, you’re on.”

*

The men who had been Don and Ted exited their pods. Don was now Charlie, a tall slim lady with blue eyes and long ginger hair. Ted was now Lily, a short slim lady with shoulder length extremely pale hair.

Delilah and Stephanie stood either side of Brunswick, still in their clothes from the trial.

“Oh, this is different.” said Charlie curiously then she frowned. “My voice has changed?”

“Yeah, that happens.” said Delilah with a smirk.

“It’s weird. I can remember the man I used to be but it’s like there’s this very clear line in the sand. I know I was him and did what he did but it doesn’t feel like it.” said Charlie curiously.

Lily nodded. “Same here.”

“We crafted that divide in your minds because you are not the same people you used to be and it wouldn’t be fair to you if we let you carry around the guilt of thinking you were.” said Brunswick gently.

Charlie looked uncertainly at Delilah. “Perhaps this wasn’t such a great idea? I remember looking forward to my new life with you but now?”

“Now, Charlie, you are a bratty switch who is sweet, kind, loving and compassionate. We made you very carefully and we know you’re safe with Delilah.” said Brian as she ruffled Charlie’s hair. Then she looked to Lily. “You, charming girl, are now an artist and a crafter. You are an innocent submissive who loves to be cuddled, kissed and taken away to be spanked and fucked.”

Lily blushed.

“Of course we need to dye your hair pink.” said Brunswick with a smirk.

Lily smiled sheepishly.

“Oh and this is for you.” said Brian as she held up a large strap on cock.

Charlie stared at the strap on.

“Take it, Daddy, your baby girl will need you to be adept at using it.” said Delilah sweetly.

“So what happens now?” asked Charlie.

“Lily, Brian will dye your hair then give you your first orgasms in your new body and leave you in your room to craft. Charlie, I will watch as you discipline and fuck my precious Stephanie while I

fuck Delilah then when Brian leaves with Stephanie I will leave you to fuck Delilah while I go to fuck Lily and we will all end in the same bed." said Brunswick happily.

*

DCI Cisse staggered into her apartment with a bottle of wine in her hands. She slammed the door closed behind her, leaned back against it and drank.

"Mistress?" called a sweet girlish voice.

Cisse called out cautiously. "Yes, I'm here."

A short slim woman with beautiful blue eyes and long golden hair approached. She wore a modest blue dress and walked barefoot. "Hi. You owe me a spanking."

Cisse burst out laughing.

"Mistress, I nearly ruined the sting." said the blonde seriously.

Cisse stopped laughing.

"I panicked. I was surrounded by all these fascists ready to perform a coup and I realised I wasn't the same." She lamented.

"What happened?" asked Cisse.

"Your friend found me. He injected me with something and I thought that was it. Instead I woke up in one of the rooms at his facility. He explained what he knew and I explained what I knew then we talked and came to an agreement." She coughed then shrugged. "You're looking at it."

Cisse frowned. "How much do you remember?"

"Well it's mostly like you asked for. Most of my memories are still with me but they're locked away. I remember who I am - or rather who I was - the key details anyway, and I remember how I came to be the woman I am now but otherwise I am the submissive lady everyone else became. Since his team only had to modify the virus responsible for my memory wipe it was a quick job." She explained.

"What do I call you?" asked Cisse curiously.

The blonde laughed. "That's sort of up to you. I am yours now. Your friend saw to it that you have a welcome pack with sex toys, a wardrobe of clothes and lingerie for me and some pamphlets on how to best care for and enjoy me. I just have one request, I don't want to go by my old name."

Cisse nodded then she stood up and staggered forward. "Then I name you Ella and you may call me..." She frowned

"Mummy?" suggested Ella.

Cisse stared at her then smiled. "Commissioner? You may call me Commissioner."

"Commissioner?" asked Ella curiously. "Are you sure you wouldn't prefer Mistress?"

“I am sure, little girl.” said Cisse with a smirk. “I don’t suppose you remember how to cook?”

“No, Commissioner, but as your little girl I am equipped with knowledge of a number of household tasks and that includes cooking.” said Ella.

Cisse snorted then walked past her. “Alright I’ll have a fry up to soak up my booze then we can snuggle up together and watch one of my shows until we pass out.”

“Yes, Commissioner.” said Ella sweetly.